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NATIONAL REVIEW

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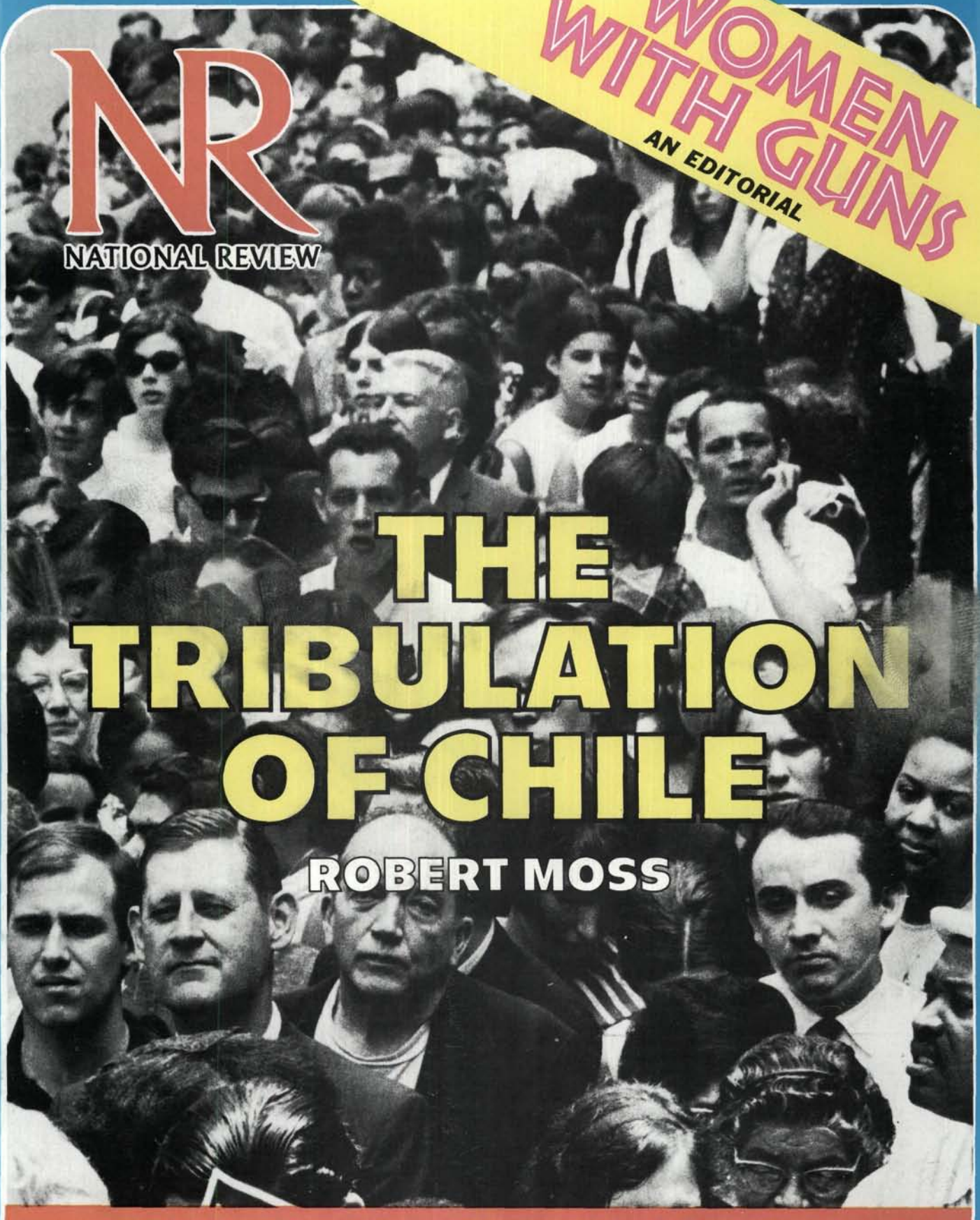
AN EDITORIAL



THE TRIBULATION OF CHILE

ROBERT MOSS

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE:

JAMES JACKSON KIL[illegible]ONVENTION •
MALACHI B. MARTIN[illegible]. KEITH MANO
'THE BARF SQUAD'[illegible]ART, WALTER
BERNS, [illegible]EY

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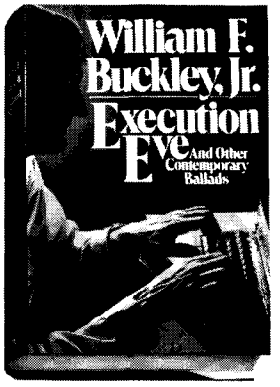

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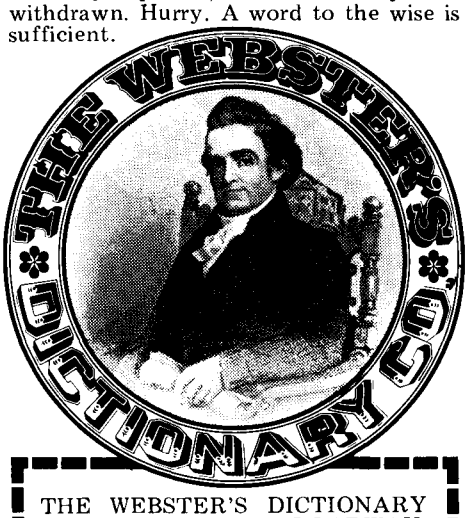

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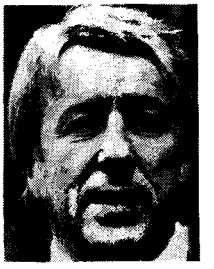

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ARTICLES

1105 **The Tribulation of Chile**
Two full years have passed since the coup that toppled Salvador Allende. Since then, discussion of the ruling junta in the Western press has been abstract and censorious. Mr. Moss, who has known Chile, and loved her, here presents a strikingly detailed look at life there these days, with special attention to the character of the regime, its alleged fascism, its very real tortures, the prospects for war with Peru, the anti-inflation campaign (and—surprise—the role of Milton Friedman), the country's difficulties in forging detente with the rest of the Western world, and what is ahead; along with a few prescriptions of his own for a program of fruitful (and realistic) liberalization. If we don't expect miracles, he cautions, there may evolve a truly "*civilized* authoritarian system." *Robert Moss*

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They convened in New York last month to check each other's premises, in pursuit of the most impossible dream in politics.
James Jackson Kilpatrick

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George F. Will

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The fate of Europe, of the West, will be decided in Iberia; and the West may live to rue its disdain for Spain.
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1118 **On Toying with Desecration**
In calling on the state to decide an ecclesiastical matter, women who seek to be priests invite an evil greater than any attainable good. *Malachi B. Martin*

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1123 *The Incredible Bread Machine* is that most iconoclastic of books, a shameless celebration of capitalism. It is also a delight to read. *Jeffrey Hart*

1124 *The Education of Lev Navrozov* exemplifies a new trend in Soviet dissent: total rejection of the system. *Walter Connor*

1124 *The Rise of Guardian Democracy* traces the development of the judiciary as the agent of pseudodemocratic reform.
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They may be screaming, grunting, and puking for the last time. *D. Keith Mano*

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Cover photo by Jan Lukas

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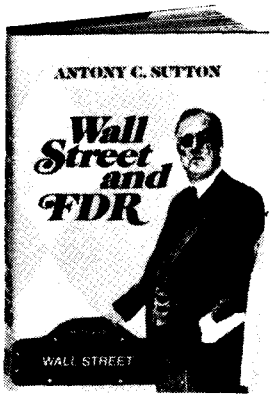
The untold story of FDR and his Wall Street cronies



Franklin D. Roosevelt, the scourge of Wall Street, was an old hand at wheeling and dealing in finance. Though the New Deal almost destroyed free enterprise in America, it didn't hurt FDR's circle of old friends in a select few financial institutions. They and their corporate allies actually profited by the regulatory agencies and programs established by their old pal in the White House.

While millions were unemployed and hundreds of thousands of smaller businessmen suffered, corporate chiefs who played ball with FDR's Wall Street cronies found that their Depression blues would vanish after a call to Washington. FDR had installed former associates in the agencies regulating business and banking, and these men formed an axis with Roosevelt's erstwhile colleagues still on Wall Street.

Whereas those outside the charmed circle had problems. Even giants like Henry Ford eventually got the message.

The way FDR's New Deal really worked, rather than the way his apologists claimed it worked, is not surprising in light of FDR's previous career on Wall Street. During the 1920s FDR had learned how to mix power and politics to produce profit in the lucrative bond business. He engaged with mixed results in sometimes marginal or madcap ventures like creating a domestic airship line and trying to exploit Germany's inflation woes. Through it all, FDR learned that the surest way to business success is to get society to work for you.

In this major revisionist work on Franklin Roosevelt, Antony C. Sutton demonstrates that FDR was not against business –he just didn't like free competition. FDR and his Wall Street circle were corporate socialists, maintains Mr. Sutton. They believed in making society work–for themselves. Underneath the populist rhetoric, FDR was an elitist who influenced public policy to benefit special interests, the most special of whom was himself.

Socialists on Wall Street

- Why many Wall Streeters who invested in the Bolshevik Revolution also bankrolled FDR
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- The international financiers who liked Mussolini and loved FDR
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- The "Butler Affair": the truth about the plot to install a dictator in the White House
- How politics helped make FDR rich in the bond business
- Huey Long's prophetic warning about Bernard Baruch and other New Deal financiers
- How FDR tried to profit by hyperinflation in the Weimar Republic
- FDR's $200,000 debt to the money men
- The dime's worth of difference between corporate socialists and radical socialists
- The NRA: Wall Street's reward for dumping Herbert Hoover?
- FDR's 11 corporate directorships
- Unearthed: the 1841 NRA-like scheme written by a 19th-century cousin of FDR
- How Wall Streeters in New Deal guise helped buy off Big Labor – then used it
- The Swope Plan: blueprint for the corporate state
- FDR's vending machine interests
- The three musketeers of the NRA. Their Wall Street ties
- FDR attempts to revolutionize the construction industry. Why he failed
- FDR's scheme to profit from confiscated German patents
- How the captains of industry running the NRA punished their fellow businessmen
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- Strange facts surrounding the Warm Springs Foundation, FDR's biggest investment
- Was FDR really the friend of the common man?

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Letters

UN and GB: Sister Ships?

Your articles on the UN and Great Britain ["The UN Rolls Over," "Britannia Waives the Rules," Sept. 26] suggest that those two institutions (is Britain any more than that now?) have eerie similarities. Both are ineffectual, wander aimlessly, are torn by internal strife, have little impact on world affairs, and are in danger of sinking—but have superb architecture. Mr. King likens the UN to a cruise ship carrying only second-class passengers—rootless, trivial, waiting to be told by the cruise director what to do next. Britain is, well, going third class now, E Deck; Parliament plays games all day long; and the fishes—"the enemies of freedom"—wait for the great sinking. All very ominous. But excellent reading.

Mt. Kisco, N.Y. A. W. FARMER

Panama: Strengthening the Case

As a non-American admirer of *NR* and most of what it stands for, I was saddened by some of the points made by Robert S. Strother on the question of ownership of the Panama Canal ["The Panama Question: An Alternative to U.S. Defeatism," Sept. 12]. It is too typical of attitudes which sometimes make it hard to defend the United States against its detractors.

His legal case is impressive enough, to be sure, but it relies heavily on treaties which were a moral sham from the beginning. Is it not true that the Americans virtually staged Panama's revolt from Colombia, and set up a puppet government, to get the Canal area? Is it not true, in other words, that the American legal claim has been partly based on a shabby fiction?

I do not like raising a point like this, when your country staggers under honorable burdens and the attacks of cynical enemies, internal and external. Nor do I deny that the American case in Panama is strong, as Mr. Strother ably showed. I certainly do not suggest a cowardly retreat, but surely it is possible to combine a firm defense of present needs—and rights—with a frank admission of past misdeeds. Such an admission—brief, candid, dignified, and without the absurd exaggerations of anti-imperialist hysteria—would actually strengthen the arguments marshaled by Mr. Strother. By taking into account *all* the facts, it would go far to disarm the kind of thoughtless slander which is now being heaped on your country. The American case in Panama is strong enough, warts and all.

Hamilton, Ont. JAMES DALY

Cambodian Recap

In "Cambodian Counterpoint" ["The Week," August 1] you quote Professor James Thomson as saying that Cambodia and its peace were "destroyed by the American incursion, an invasion that created the successful Cambodian insurrection." *NR* did not refute this point. This flagrant reversal of historical events has been repeated endlessly on network television for years without refutation and now scholars are repeating it.

We have not forgotten the wave of riots that swept the nation's campuses following the incursion. We *have* forgotten why the incursion was such a shock. It was because the agitation had been against a repeat of the *gradual* buildup we saw in Vietnam. But why were the opponents of American aid to the government of Cambodia expecting that such aid might be given? Because the Communists had already left the border areas and were marching into the interior to overthrow the Lon Nol regime which had ordered the Vietnamese Communists out of Cambodia. That is why the Allies encountered little opposition in destroying the supplies in the sanctuaries.

Professor Thomson and the networks will have to burn all the pertinent periodical files of that time as well as later reference works in order to make their point stick.

Pacific Palisades, Calif. R. VIVIAN

We had assumed that our counterpointing of the two sorts of statements (Thomson's, which put the blame for the current destruction of Cambodia on anyone but the Communists; and the honest reporting of Henry Kamm) spoke for itself. But it is good to put the full story on the record

(Continues on page 1087)

NATIONAL REVIEW is published weekly, except the first two issues in January, by National Review, Inc., at 50 Emmett St., Bristol, Conn. Second-class postage paid at Bristol, Conn. © National Review, Inc. 1975.

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Address all subscription mail, orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc., to Circulation Manager, NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016

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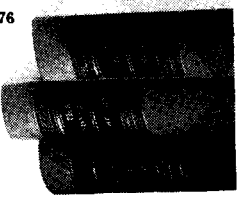

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from time to time, with nothing left to inference and memory. —ED.

Cents Off

Just a note of supportive comment on your editorial "Fooling the Consumer" ["The Week," Sept. 12] regarding the selective consumerism in *Consumer Reports.*

My reading of the article was coincidental to my receiving from the magazine a highly emotional appeal for me to subscribe. In addition to the usual scare-type headings related to the economic malpractice in America (the exposé, for instance, on rotary mowers, which can actually throw lethal rocks at innocent persons), the magazine included a line on how "Anyone past the age of buying penny candy knows not to . . . expect a bargain just because of a 'cents off' claim. . . ." Then, in the same breath, I am asked to send in the subscription card because it will bring me, and I quote again, "a $20.50 value for just $11."

Matthews, N.C. ROBERT S. LAMMERS

Proxy Propaganda

Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn, in his typically perceptive manner, has detailed the current difficulties between Yugoslavia and Austria ["Holding Yugoslavia Together," August 29]. However, two further points should be made: first, that while the campaign against Austria has been intensified recently, the Slovenian issue has been brought up by the Yugoslavs with a good deal of regularity in the past few years.

Second, and more important, is the fact that there is nothing about the Yugoslav propaganda campaign against Austria which is inimical to Soviet interests. The Finlandization of Austria has been an object of Soviet foreign policy for some time. The USSR and its Eastern European proxies have in recent years conducted their own war of tension against Austria, one of the most notable examples of which was the rough treatment accorded Chancellor Bruno Kreisky during his 1974 visit to Moscow. Thus, the worsening of relations between Yugoslavia and Austria can only be viewed with approval by the strategists in the Kremlin.

Washington, D.C. BRETTON G. SCIARONI

Aiding Turkey

Your editorial condemning congressional action toward Turkey ["The Week," August 29] reads more like the pap issued by Henry Kissinger than like something composed by your staff. Turkish restriction of American activities "deprived the U.S. of 25 per cent of its intelligence capability regarding Soviet operations." However, Dr. Herbert Scoville, former Associate Director of the CIA and Deputy Director of Research, and now a leading arms control expert, states that "Turkish bases have

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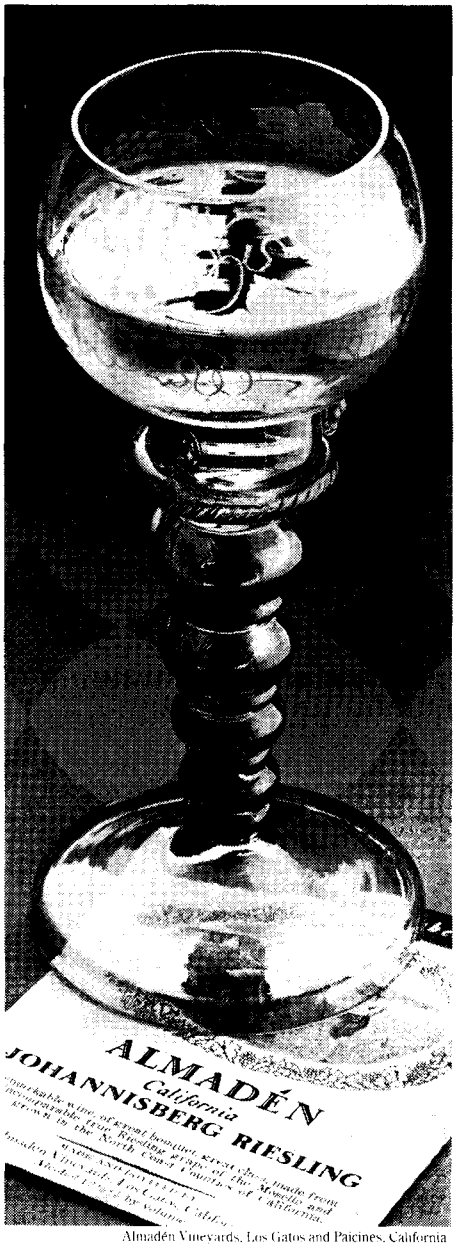

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But today's television recognizes that women have also helped shape America's history and culture. And women are making greater contributions than ever to television--on camera and off.

For example, during October and November, you'll be seeing *First Ladies' Diaries: Martha Washington. Babe,* a portrait of sports immortal Babe Didrikson Zaharias. *Sounder,* Emmy-winning Cicely Tyson's portrayal of the struggles and spiritual triumph of a black woman. And a documentary on the role and status of European women.

More and more women are on camera broadcasting the news. And behind the scenes gathering it. They're executives, writers and technicians. And, more than ever, stars of their own shows.

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Fear on Trial. Factual account of John Henry Faulk's blacklisting in 1950's. Thursday, Oct. 2 (9-11 pm).

Country Music Association Awards. Honors outstanding achievements in country music field. Monday, Oct. 13 (10-11 pm).

What's It All About? What's Communism All About?; What's a City All About? Documentaries for young viewers. Saturdays, Oct. 18; Nov. 22 (1:30-2 pm).

A Home of Our Own. True drama of priest who founded "Our Little Brothers and Sisters" shelters, based on security, love, work and responsibility. Sunday, Oct. 19 (8-10 pm).

Sounder, starring Cicely Tyson

Special Treat. Soul and Symphony--Detroit Symphony explains musical forms. Tuesday, Oct. 21 (4-5 pm). **Fuji**--Hang-gliding in Japan. Tuesday, Nov. 11 (4-5 pm)

First Ladies' Diaries: Martha Washington. Second in series on Presidents' wives. Thursday, Oct. 23 (1:30-3 pm).

Babe. Life of great athlete Babe Didrikson Zaharias. Thursday, Oct. 23 (9-11 pm).

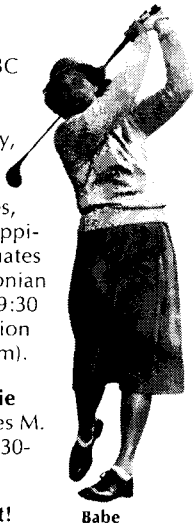
The Weekend Athlete. ABC News Closeup examines problems of middle-aged athlete. Thursday, Oct. 23 (10-11 pm)

Sounder. Acclaimed film of Southern black family during the Depression. Friday, Oct. 24 (9-11 pm).

The Missiles of October. ABC Theatre--Dramatic account of confrontation between the U.S. and U.S.S.R. Sunday, Oct. 26 (9 pm-midnight).

Life. First of three-part series, "Life, Liberty, Pursuit of Happiness." David Brinkley evaluates Americans' lives and Jeffersonian ideals. Tuesday, Oct. 28 (8-9:30 pm). Special children's version Saturday, Nov. 1 (12:30-1 pm).

You're A Good Sport, Charlie Brown. New story by Charles M. Schulz. Tuesday, Oct. 28 (8:30-9 pm).



Babe

We Interrupt This Broadcast! Re-creation of Orson Welles' broadcast of H.G. Wells' *War of the Worlds.* Friday, Oct. 31 (9-11 pm).

Eric. Hallmark Hall of Fame--Factual story of young man's struggle against cancer. Monday, Nov. 10 (9-11 pm).

The Grand Ole Opry at 50. Hal Holbrook hosts Nashville celebration of unique American institution. Tuesday, Nov. 11 (8:30-10 pm).

ABC Afterschool Special. Wednesday, Nov. 19 (4:30-5:30 pm).

CBS Reports: The Assassins. First of 3 inquiries into political assassinations. Thursday, Nov. 20 (Time TBA).

A Man For All Seasons. Oscar-winning film starring Paul Scofield. Thursday, Nov. 27 (12:30-3 pm).

Living Free. Sequel to *Born Free.* Thursday, Nov. 27 (8-10 pm).

NBC News Special. The Social Security structure and how it works. Thursday, Nov. 27 (10-11 pm).

Steve and Eydie: Our Love is Here to Stay. Tribute to the music and lyrics of the Gershwins. Thursday, Nov. 27 (10-11 pm).

Winnie the Pooh and Tigger Too. A.A. Milne's charming children's classic. Friday, Nov. 28 (8-8:30 pm).

Consumerism. Boon or Bust? ABC News Closeup on consumer achievements. Saturday, Nov. 29 (10-11 pm).

A Determining Force. Documentary on role of women in European society. Sunday, Nov. 30 (5:30-6:30 pm).

The Legend of Valentino. Franco Nero portrays the silent film idol. Two hours. Date to be announced.

REGULARLY SCHEDULED PROGRAMS

Monday through Friday: Sunrise Semester/CBS Morning News/The Today Show/AM America/Captain Kangaroo/Sesame Street/Mister Rogers/Electric Company/Villa Alegre

Saturday: In the News/Schoolhouse Rock/Emergency + 4/Land of the Lost/The Shazam-Isis Hour/Westwind/Lost Saucer/Fat Albert and the Cosby Kids/GO-USA/CBS Children's Film Festival/Weekend (first Saturday each month).

First Ladies' Diaries: Martha Washington

Sunday: Vegetable Soup/In the News/Schoolhouse Rock/Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up and Live/Camera Three/These Are the Days/Make A Wish/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Directions/Issues and Answers/The Wonderful World of Disney/Nova/Masterpiece Theatre

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

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only marginal utility in verifying past and uture SALT agreements."

Another point you raise is that Turkey vas not bluffing about the aid, and that ve should rearm her armed forces in or- ler to regain use of our bases. Does this nean that *NR* supports the payment of ribute by the U.S. to smaller nations as art of our foreign policy? Should we up ur tribute to Panama to keep her quiet?

A point that you totally ignored was the nilitary importance of Turkey. Former Chief of Staff of the Pentagon Admiral Zumwalt has testified that Greece, not Turkey, is more important to American ecurity; that Turkey without Greece is ow isolated from NATO support facili- ies, and so in the event of war with Rus- ia would exhaust her supplies within a week, without hope of more to come.

Your criticism of Congress' first ven- ure into the foreign policy field as a lop should instead be directed toward the Ford Administration. So far, it has been better at holding onto ships than holding onto allies.

Albany, N.Y. SAMMY J. THOMAS

Ms. Ford

Thank you, thank you ad infinitum for the well deserved and priceless dressing down you administered to Betty Ford ["On the Right," Sept. 12]. Parents everywhere, gorged and seething with inarticulate outrage, have been waiting for such a masterstroke.

But such rapier precision and finesse! Would that I could say: "You took the words right out of my mouth." We all feel that way.

I would just like to add one thought. If Presidents' wives are to be permitted to vocalize indiscriminately on subjects that affect and concern the nation as a whole, should we not provide some means for sampling the opinions of candidates' spouses before elections or whatever it is that puts them into office?

If Mrs. Ford had vented herself as president of the PTA it would have been bad enough; but as First Lady it was unthinkable. Should a man who disclaims any responsibility for his wife be considered an acceptable candidate for the White House?

Deerfield, N.H. PAUL MATHEWS

Mrs. Gerald Ford recently came in for a round of criticism for her remarks regarding premarital sexual morals. The storm of protest initiated by her remarks was somewhat misdirected for her statement certainly left room for broad interpretation. What is clear, however, is the frustration felt by many parents faced with the avalanche of immorality that is flooding our land. This is particularly true among the liberated young. People are awakening to the fact that the new morality exploits the young and particularly women. Commitment has become the all-

(Continues on page 1091)

A BICENTENNIAL AWARDS* PROGRAM

TOWARD OUR THIRD CENTURY

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1. Your view of America's future: in words, on film, or on tape. On the occasion of the Bicentennial, Wells Fargo Bank is asking all Americans to consider the critical issues facing our nation in its third century, and to express thoughtfully and creatively their ideas and recommendations for shaping an even better future. The Smithsonian Institution will cooperate in judging the entries, which should deal with America's third century in terms of one of the following themes:

1. Individual Freedoms in our Society
2. American Arts and Culture
3. Science, Technology, Energy and the Environment
4. Family Life, Work and Leisure
5. The United States and the World

2. Categories of Entries by Individuals or Groups. (1) Essays by those under 18; (2) Essays by persons 18 or older; (3) Films or tapes by persons of any age.

3. All entries must relate to America's future and contain ideas concerning it. Any resident of the United States or its territories may enter. Written essays must be no more than 3,500 words with a maximum of three photos or illustrations, if any. Film (8mm or 16mm only) and tapes, 15 minutes maximum. Include name, age, and address. Group projects should be submitted under one name. Entries must be postmarked no later than January 31, 1976. Mail all entries or inquiries to:

"Toward our Third Century"
P. O. Box 44076
San Francisco, California 94144

Entries must be the original work of the entrant, and entrants under 18 must include the signature of a parent or guardian. Entries become the property of the sponsor, all rights reserved. For return of materials, include a stamped, self-addressed return envelope. The sponsor reserves the right to rule on all matters related to the competition. Employees of Wells Fargo Bank, the Smithsonian Institution, and agencies connected with this program, and their families, are not eligible to enter.

4. $100,000 in Cash Awards. Category (1): First award $10,000; Second—$5,000; Third—$3,000; plus 17 Fourth awards of $1,000 each. Category (2): First $10,000; Second—$5,000; Third—$3,000; and 22 Fourth awards of $1,000 each. Category (3): First $10,000; Second—$5,000; Third—$3,000; plus 7 Fourth awards of $1,000 each.

5. Final judging will be by a panel of nine distinguished Americans selected by the Smithsonian Institution. Judging of entries at all stages will be based primarily upon imaginativeness, creativity and effectiveness of expression. The judges will allow the widest latitude for freedom of thought and expression. Winners of the Awards will be announced nationally on July 4, 1976.

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FOR THE RECORD

■ **John Sears**, political aide to **Ronald Reagan**, reported on the Wednesday after the New Hampshire senatorial race conservative **Louis Wyman** lost that Reagan would now tone down his conservative image, and "run as a man" (whatever that means) in the primaries. . . . A week later, at meeting of **California GOP** state central committee—at which the pro-**Ford** forces tried to freeze Reagan out—Reagan spoke to the Women's Caucus, dished out give-'em-hell old time conservative religion talk, made them stand up and cheer . . . **Evans & Novak**, commenting on Reagan's appeal to the California GOP rank and file, say Ford strategists now believe the President will have to hit the early primaries hard lest Reagan arrive at June California primary with impressive showings in New Hampshire, Florida. . . . The respected **Mervin Field** poll in California shows that Ford has turned a nine-point deficit vis-à-vis Reagan there in May to a seven-point lead in August. But **Rockefeller** is doing much less well with Californians who prefer Reagan to Rocky as vice presidential candidate, 39 to 26 per cent. (Next in line, in this order, are **Howard Baker**, **Charles Percy**, **John Connally**). . . . Incidentally, nationally Rockefeller is opposed as Ford's runningmate 47 to 34 per cent by voters at large; Independents oppose his nomination 44 to 35 per cent. Importance of that: the recent **Gallup** that showed only 21 per cent of the people identify themselves as **Republicans** these days (as against 44 per cent **Democrats** and 35 per cent **Independents**) also showed that the Independents lean toward the Democratic Party by a margin of 2 to 1. Last spring it was 3 to 1. No help for Rocky there. . . . A late **Sindlinger-Kevin Phillips** rundown of voter sentiment on Right-Left lines shows conservatives 36 per cent, moderates 36 per cent, liberals 18 per cent, radicals under 2 per cent—a gain of

Punch Rothco

"CIA." **"Me, too."**

eight points for conservatives since January.

■ The frontal attack having failed, legislators and administrators are trying other ways to do away with unpopular school **busing**. . . . In Louisville, Kentucky Governor **Julian Carroll** is suing the Federal Government in district court, seeking to force Washington to pay for the court-ordered busing and guarding of 22,000 children in Jefferson County this year. "I don't believe the U.S. Congress will want to pay the bill," says Carroll, "[so it may] turn to alternatives and pass a constitutional amendment to prohibit forced busing." . . . In Washington itself the **House** has passed an amendment (it may not survive the Senate, let alone a presidential veto) that would forbid the use of gasoline to bus students to any school beyond the one nearest their homes. Billed as a fuel conservation measure, the House bill, if enacted into law, would save four million barrels of gas a day (in school year). . . . **David Matthews**, the new head of HEW, feels the schools should be desegregated but says "a better way" than busing must be found to do it. . . . **Amira Baraka** (**LeRoi Jones**) is the latest black leader to come out against busing. The emphasis, says Baraka, should be on "quality education," not on busing.

■ Lots of activity on the Left: **Joanne Little** and **Angela Davis** aren't hitting it off, although they occasionally appear at the same rallies. Little has attacked Davis and the Communist Party for "opportunism." "Angela did not come into my case until near the end, then she tried to con me into the Communist Party." . . . **Wilfred Burchett**, the Australian Communist journalist, is back on the front page of the Maoist *Guardian*, reporting from "Liberated South Vietnam." (He was last heard from in Portugal, before its unliberation.) . . . **Madalyn (Mad Murray) O'Hair**, the atheist whose court case resulted in the Supreme Court decision on prayer in the schools, is suing *Screw* magazine for $7 million in libel (can't figure out who we want to win that one). . . . **Patty Hearst**'s lawyer is **Terence Hallinan**, son of **Vincent**, co-chairman of the Communist-riddled U.S. delegation to that World Youth Conference in Vienna in the late Sixties. . . . A connection between **Sara Jane Moore** and the **Symbionese Liberation Army** has been turned up. Mrs. Moore had been living in the apartment of **Paul** and **Joyce Halverson** in San Francisco, dear friends of **Camilla Hall**, who died in the shootout in Los Angeles with five other SLA members last year. . . . Presidential aide **James Falk** will be sorry he said it, but he did. Northern California, in his opinion, is "the kook capital of the world—all you find there is kooks with guns and placards."

■ Post **Vietnam** accommodation: A naval flyer who was having trouble landing a civilian job has revised his resumé to explain his bombing missions as "locating profitable areas for the concentration of resources."

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healing word to cover any stupid arrangement—a word that destroys any argument about the need for permanence, control, love, or sacrifice.

Mrs. Ford's passive reaction mirrored our failure as a nation of parents. It is clear that we have abdicated our role as teachers. We have given over our children to those who would destroy every value that has protected the family, the individual, and our national vitality. The First Lady should have articulated the direction we must take to right this situation but her failure does not change our responsibility. The fault lies not only in Mrs. Ford but in all of us.

BART T. HEFFERNAN, M.D.
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

Let the Record Show

In "For the Record" [August 15] you referred to the report in *Aviation Week & Space Technology* that 24 Soviet reporters saw the Apollo launch. Two weeks before NATIONAL REVIEW reported that there were no Soviet newsmen at the launching. Who was right?

Philadelphia, Pa. FREDERICK MILLER

We were right the first time. No Soviet newsmen saw the Apollo launch; Aviation Week *made the correction in its following issue.* —ED.

I am writing in response to Mr. F. Reid Buckley's article ["Death of a Republic: An Impression," August 1]. As you may have noticed, I am mentioned three times in the text and I think that gives me a right to reply.

First of all, I met Mr. Buckley as a writer who was looking for material to write a novel, not as a journalist. But Mr. Buckley was only interested—so we discover now—in current facts. I am only too pleased to see that at least he got his Chilean history straight and sees the Allende government in its true light: a destructive and negative system, turned into a myth by good Marxist publicity. My congratulations on that respect.

What really disconcerts me is his amazing conclusions. For instance, what he felt at looking at President Pinochet's portrait is too ridiculous for words. He even goes on to confess that such impressions (of, say, a general wearing dark glasses) may change in the light of more information (the man had lost an eye). His description of "covert" meetings with the "Christian Left" (so humane, so harmless, so conscientious) makes one weep crocodile tears. You cannot mix fiction, personal impressions, and reality in a serious article.

DR. JULIO RETAMAL FAVEREAU
Director
Universidad Catolica de Chile
Santiago, Chile

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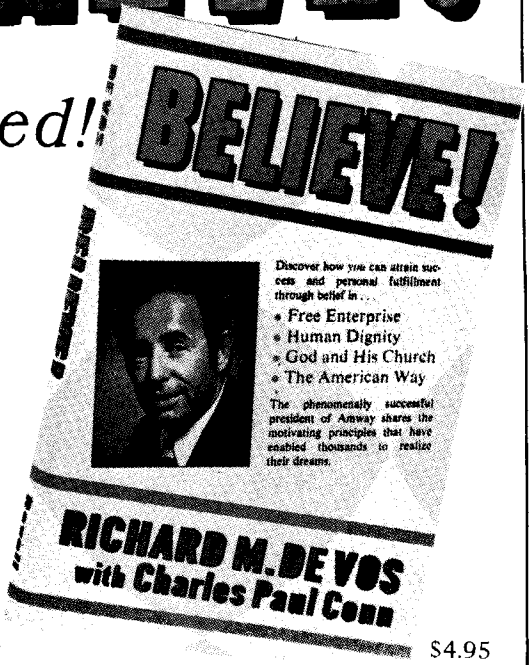
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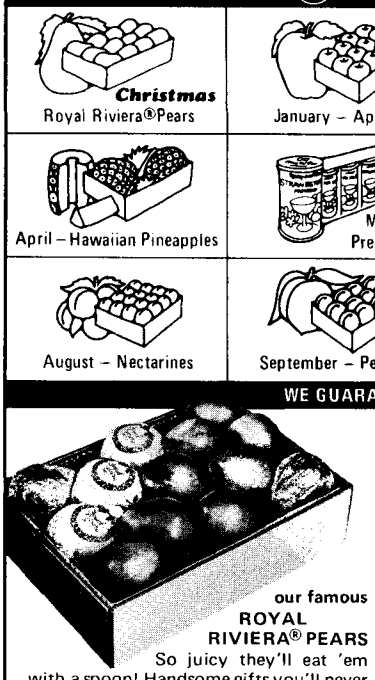

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THE WEEK

■ Joanne Little is loose, pending her trial on the next charge she's innocent of, and she has turned up in Chicago, where she spoke the lecture circuit dialect like a native. There are a million blacks unjustly imprisoned in this country, she told a press conference, leaving columnist Mike Royko to wonder where they were all being hidden (the official figure is 250,000 cons total, counting all races, creeds, colors, sexes). She also announced that the rich, would you believe, can hire good lawyers and beat the rap, while the poor . . . well, you can hum the rest. Snapped Royko: "That would be a grave problem if the streets were filled with trigger-happy multi-millionaires."

■ Ah, the leadership we are getting on the busing issue these days! Sargent Shriver, that tribune of the people who has just declared for the Presidency, strides toward the busing barricades with these ringing words on NBC-TV's *Meet the Press*: "I think that busing is an effective weapon for improving quality education [sic], but it is not the only weapon and in some places it's counter-productive . . . . There are areas where busing works. In fact, if we didn't have busing the public school system in the United States would not work at all." For whatever they are worth, those comments make Shriver the firmest opponent of busing among Democratic candidates, with the exception of George Wallace. President Ford was quick to pick up the challenge here, his phrases ringing and memorable. Ford thinks that busing may not be the "best" way to achieve "quality education." He "hopes" it will not be a "political issue" in 1976. Zzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz.

■ *Time* ran two columns on it in its religion section but *Newsweek* (which has a religion section only when chiliastic events warrant one) treated it as pure miscellany, suitable only for the magazine's "Transition" column. Married? No. Divorced? Nope. Died? Nope. Here it is. "Canonized":—in ten lines, the story of the first native American ever to be proclaimed a saint by the Roman Catholic Church.

■ Surveying the reduced U.S. presence in his part of the world, Thailand's Premier Kukrit Pramoj was moved to remark: "The thrust of our foreign policies is the burying of old grudges, the overcoming of old fears, the opening of new doors." Let's call the old Domino Theory the Opening of New Doors Theory.

■ NATO members, in the true spirit of Helsinki, overruled a few objections and agreed to an historic first. Not only did they inform Soviet-bloc countries about NATO maneuvers scheduled for October—one of the "confidence-building measures" agreed to at Helsinki—they also invited observers from the Soviet bloc to *attend* the maneuvers. Meanwhile, in the true spirit of Moscow, the members of the Warsaw Pact, without saying a word to anybody, are busy holding maneuvers of their own. It's time for NATO to get tough: the Soviets should be given lousy seats for the October maneuvers.

■ An old friend and staunch Republican, Professor Edward J. Rozek of the University of Colorado, writes regretfully that "It is one of the ironies of our time that it took George Meany to bring Solzhenitsyn here. It is a great irony that the Republicans snubbed a genuine hero of the twentieth century." Accordingly, he announces the formation of the Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn Society for Freedom and Justice, a nonsectarian, nonpartisan society dedicated to "the preservation of the freedom and security of the United States and the propagation of Solzhenitsyn's message to America." Additional information can be gotten from Professor Rozek at P.O. Box 4654, Boulder, Colorado 80302.

■ You've probably heard about the new play *Are You Now or Have You Ever Been*. . . . It's about the congressional inquiry that ruined the careers of the Hollywood Ten. They were identified as having belonged to a subversive and totalitarian organization, to use the McCarthyite idiom: namely, the Communist Party. Such an inquiry is known as a "witch-hunt"; when it gets answers, they are termed "guilt by association" and, worse yet, "persecution of ideas." We don't want any of that, do we? (What decent man would persecute a poor little idea?) Well, on the same page of our *Washington Post* where we saw the ad for this hard-hitting drama, there was a story about a senator asking Joseph Coors, the brewer, if he is now, or has he *ever* been (may we remind you you're under oath, Mr. Coors!), a member of the dreaded John Birch Society? So we turned to the editorial page for a denunciation of this inquisition . . . but there wasn't a single word. Come to think of it, why should there be? Birchism, unlike Communism, isn't an "idea." And besides, Birchers really *are* witches.

■ Youmna Charouri, a well-mannered young Lebanese woman who attended and taught in the best schools, is imprisoned in Beirut because of her membership in the Arab Communist Organization, which has claimed responsibility for a number of bombings. Ms. Charouri joined the terrorist organization after a shocking visit to the United States. "What struck her there," reported one of her friends in the *Washington Post*, "was that families on welfare spent more money in a week on food for dogs and cats than poor families in Lebanon can spend on food for themselves in a month." Many explanations have been advanced for the radicalism of affluent young people, but the excessive wealth of poor people in capitalist countries is a new reason for going Communist.

■ A bit of the best and a bit of the worst of young

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Damn! That's the post-Watergate morality for you: you don't even get what you paid for out of politics. Democrat John Durkin had been New Hampshire's junior senator for just three hours when he cast his first vote. He voted to support President Ford's proposal to cut a federal pay raise from 8.66 per cent to 5 per cent. The Ford proposal was ardently opposed by organized labor, which had poured tons of money and regiments of workers into the Durkin election campaign. Said an AFL-CIO lobbyist: "This is going to make an awful lot of people who worked their tails off for him very mad indeed. That's some show of gratitude."

■ New Hampshire still has the distinction of holding the first primary, but it is a devalued distinction. One week after New Hampshire awards 17 delegates to one or more of the mob of candidates, Massachusetts, next door, will award 104 delegates. Because most residents of New Hampshire watch Boston television, and many read Boston newspapers, there is a tendency to treat the two primaries together as a slow-motion, two-step single primary. Whoever wins in New Hampshire may acquire valuable momentum for Massachusetts. This is the not-so-hidden hazard in Senator Birch Bayh's (D., Ind.) tentative plan to skip New Hampshire, thereby leaving Representative Morris Udall (D., Ariz.) alone—and vulnerable—as the "frontrunning" liberal in the New Hampshire contest.

■ Come back when you have better news, say New York Democrats to the man who took their poll. The poll shows Senator James Buckley beating all five of the most frequently mentioned Democratic challengers in his reelection contest next year. Buckley even runs ahead of four (all but former Miss America Bess Meyerson) in New York City. The reason the Democratic state leaders released the results of such a damaging poll to the press is that of the five Democrats listed, Bella Abzug came off worst against Buckley. Democrats in New York (state and city, which they now control) figure their situation is bad enough already without having Bella at the head of their state ticket in '76.

■ According to an interested person—Charles Goodell, chairman—the Clemency Board dealing with Vietnam draft dodgers and conscientious objectors was a roaring success: "We're quite pleased with the work the board has done," said Goodell, former congressman, former senator, former chairman. No one else is pleased. Doveish critics note that less than 20 per cent of those eligible for clemency applied for it, and many who applied did not bother to complete the process. But the real blast has come from the Right. Four former board members have filed a blistering minority report, charging that the board's majority took actions that were unethical and perhaps illegal. The four members denounced an "amnesty-oriented, Goodell-oriented group" that allegedly went overboard in forgiving even persons who deserted comrades on the battlefield, and civilians who had dodged the draft and then committed crimes. The minority report charges that the board "became a captive of its chairman and the staff" and that the staff members (especially the 200 law students working with the board this summer) "were generally biased against the Vietnam War and had practically no experience in or with the military."

■ New proverb: Pride goeth before the sale. On day one Jordan said it was too proud to accept Hawk missiles from the U.S. as long as the U.S. was stipulating that the missiles could not be used for offensive purposes. On day two Jordan decided to accept the missiles. Perhaps Jordan figured out that the U.S. had no way of enforcing the restriction.

■ BRIEFS: Ah, well, you can't win 'em all. And if you are George McGovern, you can't win any of 'em. A Texas judge dismissed (without even bothering to comment) McGovern's $1.09 million damage suit against seven corporations for making illegal contributions to the 1972 Nixon campaign. . . . At least the Federal Election Commission still respects the right of a politician to make a few bucks out of politics. The FEC voted—unanimously—to approve the arrangement whereby George Wallace receives royalties of up to $15,000 a year from the sale—by his own campaign organization—of souveniers such as "Wallace watches." . . . Anyone not previously convinced that Ted Kennedy will not be a candidate in 1976 should be convinced now that Richard Drayne, Kennedy's press secretary for ten years, is leaving Kennedy's staff to join Sargent Shriver's presidential campaign as a political advisor. . . . Americans for Democratic Action, the liberal lobby, has been fiddling with its hand calculator and has come up with the sum $488,505 as the advantage an incumbent congressman has over a challenger. This includes everything from staff allowances to franking privileges. . . . The Headline of the Week concerns new trends in draconian legislation: "Food Stamp Plan Would Bar Middle Class." —CATO

American womanhood came to light during the week. On the coast, all-in-the-family members Sandy Good and Lynette ("Croaky") Fromme touched not a few hearts by revealing their thoughtful plan to purify the earth and stop environmental pollution, California-style. But on the other coast, Miss Cat Futch touched off another ugly controversy about the Military-Industrial Complex by dancing a go-go on the deck of the nuclear sub *Finback* as it pulled out of Port Canaveral, Florida, and by giving its commander a farewell kiss on the cheek.

■ Anchors aweigh, sail off into the Nevada sunset, Navy, with your prize—Senator William Proxmire's "Golden Fleece of the Month" award. The Navy won this coveted prize (which means it set a high standard of wastefulness) by using 64 aircraft, and untold gallons of fuel, to fly 1,334 officers to sunny Las Vegas for a reunion of a private, non-governmental association. The event was a meeting of the Tailhook Association, comprised of active, reserve, and retired military men and civilians interested in aircraft carriers. The Navy flights cost the taxpayers about 200,000 bucks.

■ ISN'T THAT A BITCH DEPT. A feminist group in Illinois has protested that policy of the local Humane Society which requires adopted female dogs to be spayed, but does not require males to be neutered.

■ You hated that TV program and thought it biased. You've tried phoning the local station to voice your

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protest, and a lot of good that's done you. Your letters go unanswered or are fobbed off. Mr. and Mrs. America and all the ships at sea, Mr. John Oliver Boe (Everglades Publishing Company, P.O. Drawer A, Everglades, Fla. 33929) has what you're looking for—"Television Sponsors Product Cross-Reference Directory." Now you can take your gripe to the companies that are paying for the shows.

■ May we call to your attention the struggling, but meritorious, *Lugano Review*? It is a new bi-monthly whose masthead promises sane and trenchant political analysis: Daniel Bell, Max Beloff, Zbigniew Brzezinski, Maurice Cranston, Brian Crozier, Sir Robert Thompson, and others. The October issue is typical. There is a long essay on "The Moral of Harold Laski," by George Feaver, zeroing in on the conflict between the roles of intellectual and scholar (a conflict embarrassing for intellectuals even to acknowledge); Ernest van den Haag's 1974 Mont Pelerin lecture, "The Political Threat to the Market Economy," on the results of indignation at the market's failure to be something other than what it is; Arnold Beichman's gloomy reflections on the prospects for freelance nuclear terrorism; and a look at Communist tactics in Indonesia, Malaysia, and the Philippines, by Justus M. van der Kroef (he foresees united front tactics, centered in student movements, to de-legitimize existing governments). The large and handsome *Review* is available, $24 at Via Maraini 17-A, Lugano, Switzerland.

■ While the big kids shilly-shally, Mr. J. John Gordon of Worcester, Massachusetts is duly registered with the Federal Elections Commission and sprinting for the Presidency. Gordon's platform is $10,000 refunds for every family, abolition of the IRS, and elimination of all lawyers from federal service, and we LIKE it. Gordon will be entitled to up to $5 million in matching federal funds for his campaign.

"P-s-st. The CIA."

Third World Welfarism

Even as Henry Kissinger was consummating another diplomatic mission in the Middle East, he was delivering, by proxy, in a message to the United Nations General Assembly, his plan for a "new world economic order." It was read, ironically, by Ambassador Moynihan (see "On the Right," p. 1134), whose promise and performance of straight talk to the Third World has been so laudable of late.

The substance of the proposals does not concern us here. Administration officials say they would cost American taxpayers only a few million dollars annually (though Mr. Kissinger's somewhat erratic record as a diplomatic bargain-hunter leaves room for doubt), in return for spectacular benefits to the poor countries and, of course, a world more stable and more hospitable to U.S. interests.

What is disturbing is the serenity of the Administration's assumption that it can appease the beast of anti-Americanism with a few material concessions. What happens when it comes back for more, as it most certainly will? On what principle do we, at some point, draw the line—against, say, a global graduated tax? Will the Third World husband its income more providently than the average American metropolis, or be any more grateful to the hand that has underfed it?

What was missing from Mr. Kissinger's message was a frank statement of principle. If we are going to help the Third World, we should make it clear that we do so out of bounty and good will, not from any sense of moral or material debt for "exploited" resources. For the point of Third World demands on the West is that they *are* demands, not supplications. They want not what we care to give, but what they insist we owe. Robert W. Tucker, in yet another penetrating essay in the September *Commentary*, observes that the liberal West, when it regards the underdeveloped nations, sees them in terms of individuals and their aspirations, of internationalism and universal citizenship. But the rulers of these countries speak nationalistically: what they want is essentially the fortification and enrichment of their

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2 MUST SEE FIRING LINES

WITH TWO MAVERICK PERSONALITIES

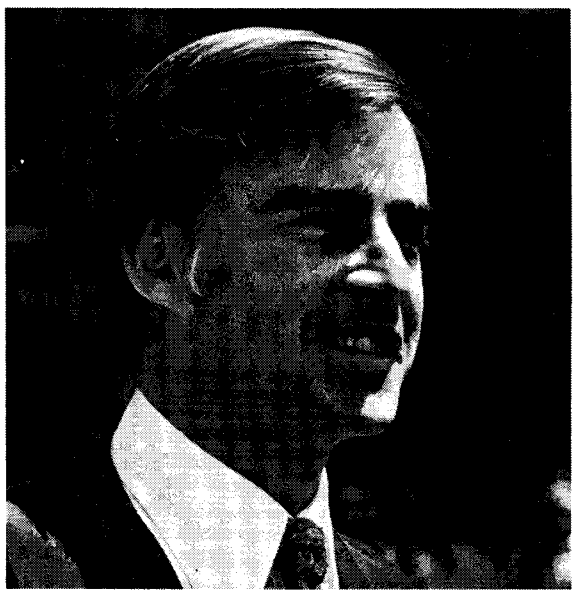
ON YOUR LOCAL PBS* STATION

NGUYEN CAO KY

Former Vice-President of South Vietnam

"WHY WE LOST THE WAR IN SOUTH VIETNAM"

Saturday, October 4*



EDMUND G. BROWN, JR.

Governor of California

"THE PRACTICAL LIMITS OF LIBERALISM"

Saturday, October 11*

***SUBJECT TO LOCAL SCHEDULING**

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own sovereignties, which they are eager to achieve at the expense of the West (and, in many cases, of their own subjects). These are distinctions that can be glossed over only temporarily, and to our cost and peril.

Women with Guns

In a postscript to his influential book *The Power Elite* (1956), sociologist C. Wright Mills enunciated what would turn out to be the central motif of the 1960s. He urged his readers to transform their private problems into public acts; in effect, turn their neuroses into *political* facts. Mills conceived of this as a kind of therapy. In his view, private problems were caused by the distortions in the surrounding society; it followed that the political arena was the appropriate place to deal with personal neuroses. The customary distinction between private and public, a distinction long taken for granted, was to be eliminated.

Mills's book was widely read, and prior to his death he became a left-wing guru, but he himself of course could not bring about any such transformation on his own; nevertheless, he did identify early and encourage an impulse that was rapidly becoming widespread. During the following decade, and assuming a weird variety of modes, private peculiarities and neuroses as well as ethnic rages strode forth into the political arena. Not surprisingly, politics began to partake of the atmosphere of the mental clinic. Pornography represents in pure form the abolition of the public-private distinction, and it is therefore fitting that recent years have seen American culture inundated by a flood of pornography. Indeed, Mills in 1956 may be viewed as recommending a kind of political pornography.

This type of pornography has come in a variety of styles, suited to any taste, but what is striking about the recent and current wave of violence is its female character. Both the Manson "family" and the SLA contained males, but for the most part these seem transient and marginal. In the Manson family, indeed, several males were casually murdered—but no female members met that fate. Both the Manson family and the SLA were essentially tribes of young women surrounding a male guru—who, in both cases, was an ex-con. And in both groups the private became spectacularly public. Sex and drugs had a political meaning, but so did the impulse to violence. Random murder became a "political" act.

That President Ford was the target of two assassination attempts last month is startling enough, but even more striking is that both potential assassins were women. Extraordinary violence on the part of women, from Bernardine Dohrn and Kathy Boudin and other SDS and Weatherperson types through the Manson group and the SLA, appears to be one of the more prominent ways in which the private now transforms itself into the public. It may turn out that Patricia Hearst was a victim of some form of brainwashing, as she claims, though abundant grounds for skepticism exist; but what is certain is that for months she was involved in various bank robberies, hold-ups, shootings, and perhaps bombings, that the apartment in which she was arrested was a kind of arsenal, and that when brought into custody she listed her occupation as that of unemployed urban guerrilla.

In his well-known book of recollections regarding the Revolution of 1848 in Paris, Tocqueville observes that, as political and social confusion spread, examples of individual aberration, even madness, became a notable part of the social scene. One gathers from his account that tension aggravated individual mental disturbance, and the usual restraints affecting its exhibition were weakened.

What Tocqueville observed as peculiar to a time of revolution may now have become virtually a permanent part of American culture. Certainly the "liberation" of women has been and will doubtless continue to be a far-reaching phenomenon, perhaps a "revolution"; and though it has had some desirable effects, it has also brought into existence a large and drifting female population the members of which have no clear role or social context. The vast majority of such individuals merely lead lives of quiet desperation, but in the extreme cases now in the headlines such rootless women appear to have attempted, in however a distorted way, to devise some mode of being, some telos; neither well-educated nor particularly intelligent, they sought to create some context out of the shards of the surrounding fad culture. The SLA took up and caricatured the black cause; Squeaky Fromme and Sandra Good babble about ecology, of all things, and dress in cult costume; Sara Jane Moore, unable to make up her mind whether she was an FBI informer or a radical revolutionary, at last achieved crystallization as an assassin. Better someone, in the last resort, than no one.

Such individuals, in Conrad's phrase, have kicked entirely free of the earth. But they may be only the bizarre and visible examples of a widespread phenomenon.

New Hampshire Post Mortem

Two polls were taken just days before the New Hampshire runoff on September 16. According to a *Manchester Union Leader* poll, Republican Louis Wyman and Democrat John Durkin were destined to do the same thing they did last November: tie. The other poll, taken by the Democrats, placed Durkin ahead of Wyman by a not very comforting four percentage points. Yet when the votes were tallied, the Democrat had a lead of ten percentage points. Much of the credit for Durkin's convincing victory should go to the new campaign law.

While it limited each candidate to an overall campaign ceiling of $220,000, the new law also states that the candidate does not have to count the value of the services he receives from organized labor. Right up until the polls closed, organized labor devoted itself to getting out the vote for Durkin. It contacted the 45,000 union households in New Hampshire, distributed absentee ballots, and rang doorbells. The work wasn't in vain:

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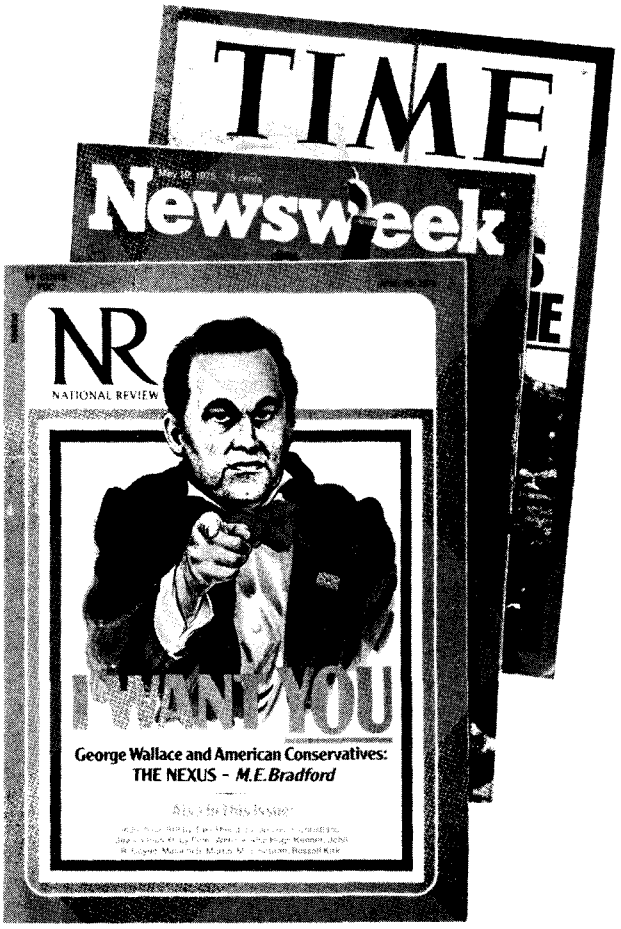
You won't find these articles in TIME or NEWSWEEK

- **Christian Marxists?** A hard look at the dangerous increase in Christian support for leftist revolution.
- **The Latest on SALT Negotiations:** Are we going further down the road to becoming a second-class power?
- **Why Conservatives Are Also Often Wrong On Defense Issues:** Bigger spending doesn't necessarily mean better defense.
- **Will Mrs. Thatcher Become Britain's First Woman Prime Minister Before the Year is Out?**
- **A Profile of Mike Mansfield:** His campaign to cut back America's armed forces around the world.
- **The Ten Major Fallacies now Going the Rounds About Allende**
- **Who Cheated on the Paris "Peace Agreements"?**



But you *will* find them in coming issues of *National Review* (and *only* in *National Review*). Articles like these are important to you for this good reason – *they keep you in touch with the "other" point of view* and that's come to be a necessity for the truly informed person in these days of "homogenized" news reporting.

What's more, you'll find that keeping up with the news the NR way helps you to better evaluate what you *do* read in the "news magazines" (or see on TV). NR gives your own opinions the critical balance that can make your views and conversations more interesting—because it's one magazine that really *does* give you the view from the other side. And backs it up.

But the benefits of getting *National Review* regularly don't stop with this special coverage of current events. There is an abundance of other features to expand your horizons and delight your sense of humor. The book section with its discerning reviews of really important books is a treasure in itself. Movies and plays get the same unusual treatment. There are also articles on the latest in travel, food and wine, music, and so on. To say nothing of the inimitable cartoons of Gauerke, Mal and others. In short, the regular readers of *National Review* keep up with the arts and manners of our times – but from a refreshingly different point of view.

All of which makes NR one of the best buys around. And all *you* have to do to start enjoying this genuinely interesting magazine regularly is to fill out the postpaid card (opposite) and mail it back to us. It entitles you to six full months of *National Review* at the special low rate (for new subscribers only) of just $6.95. A bargain price indeed for some of the best journalism in America. Send in the handy card today. It's the first step in the *right* direction.

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Sargent Shriver Declares

There's just a hint of Bobby with
An overlay of Jack.
The Camelot of song and myth
Took everybody back.
He's big on letting welfare ring
From sea to shining sea,
So there's no sense in mentioning
The Bay of Pigs. Tee-hee.

W. H. VON DREELE

political analyst Richard S. Scammon says the 17 per cent increase in voter turnout over the 1974 race can in large part be attributed to organized labor.

Lest you get the impression that the labor exemption gives the new law a Democratic bias, it must be noted that the law also grants corporations the same exemption. However—surprise!—no stockholders or members of their families were seen ringing doorbells for Wyman. When asked about this, George Young, Wyman's campaign manager, said any candidate who aligned himself with business would be "fooling with political dynamite."

Young also said the new campaign law makes mailing and electronic advertising too expensive. To get their points across in the future, he said, candidates will have to rely on TV and the press. All in all, the new campaign reform law puts the Republicans exactly where the Democrats want them.

Twice Is Not Enough

Remember all that talk about how the students of this nation could not have any respect for the law when prominent people (like Nixon) could break the law with impunity? Well, how about today's students in New York City, whose teachers have been out on strike at the urging of Albert Shanker in violation of the state's Taylor Law? The no-strike law is unambiguous, sufficiently so at least to have sent Shanker to jail twice in recent years for precisely the same offense he has committed this year. To date the law enforcement agencies have failed to bring Shanker to account. But the judge sitting on the case—Irving Saypol, New York's leading no-nonsense judge—has pronounced Shanker in willful violation of his temporary court order to comply with the Taylor Law, and has announced that he himself intends to sit as a Criminal Court judge in bringing Shanker to justice. For violation of the Taylor Law Shanker could get only 15 days—a sentence that, manifestly, does little to deter future violations: Shanker served the 15-day maximum in both 1967 and 1968.

A contempt of court conviction, however, could result in a sentence of up to a year in jail, a term that might make more of an impression on the labor leader whose goals—increasing the teachers' wealth at the expense of the City's solvency—have taken precedence over his methods. His escape from the law's penalties would herald the end of "the post-Watergate era"—and make, incidentally, a farce of the New York judiciary's refusal to allow Nixon to resign from the New York bar absent a full admission of his Watergate wrongdoing. Flash! Why not ask President Ford to grant an unconditional pardon to Albert Shanker for breaking this and any other law?

What's an Independent?

The House has voted to restore the price ceiling on old oil, and to roll back the price of previously uncontrolled oil. The idea is to offset increases in the price of imported oil with reductions in the price of domestic oil—thus making it easier for the Arabs to charge a higher price, and harder for domestic energy producers to compete with them. Since retail prices reflect the "marginal cost" of the last additional barrel of crude to the entire industry (a price which is set by OPEC—with the help of our controls program), this foolish subsidy to oil importers from domestic oil producers may not even succeed in keeping the price of petroleum products down in the *short* run.

The issue has been confused by some sophomoric studies compiled by the staff of the Library of Congress and Congressional Budget Committees. Essentially, these "studies" assume that a 157 per cent increase in the price of old oil can simply be passed on to consumers with 1) no loss of sales—and therefore no limit on crude prices; 2) no reduction in consumer spending on other things—and therefore an increase in overall inflation; 3) no increase in domestic energy supplies—and therefore no effect on OPEC pricing; and 4) no increase in the expenditures of energy producers and stockholders—and therefore an increase in unemployment. This is political economics with all the emphasis on "political."

Then there is the fuss about those poor "independents," and the full-page ads reminding us that government regulation of prices invariably benefits someone other than the consumer. "Indepedent" in this context really means dependent—i.e., those refineries most dependent on foreign crude. It certainly does not mean independent producers of crude oil, who have been compelled to sell their oil at less than it will cost to replace it.

Federal Energy Administration policies have been designed to subsidize those refiners who did not develop sufficient domestic sources of crude oil, and to penalize those who did. This is the FEA's idea of encouraging energy independence. The FEA gave refiners with little domestic oil "entitlements" (or rights) to the cheap controlled oil produced by rivals. Firms with plenty of domestic oil had to pay over $7 a barrel for these rights—to use their own oil. "Loss of the entitlements pro-

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gram," says George Jandacek, president of Clark Oil, "could easily bankrupt many independent refiners and marketers." Some independents have even taken out ads suggesting that FEA price controls and subsidies are "what free enterprise is all about."

Contrary to the public relations propaganda, this is not David and Goliath. Some of the companies that are *most* self-sufficient in domestic crude—and therefore supposedly most injured by price controls and entitlements—are relatively small companies like Skelly, Husky, Getty, Murphy, and Kerr-McGee. The *least* self-sufficient refineries include sizable firms like Mobil, Atlantic Richfield, Standard of Ohio, Ashland, and Amerada-Hess.

Nor are the independents in complete agreement that their survival depends on extensive and costly government regulation. Amerada-Hess has received more entitlement money this year than any other company, yet that firm has taken out full-page ads supporting total and instant decontrol. Standard of Ohio, another apparent beneficiary of entitlements, also endorses ending controls now. Somebody has to be wrong.

If the crude-poor refiners will be devastated by decontrol, then surely this should have been reflected in their stock prices? Yet a study by Argus Research, relating entitlements to stock prices, shows no such effects. The same oil lobby that is advertising the threat of ninety cent gasoline under decontrol (an absolutely absurd figure), is also arguing that prices will *not* rise enough to cover the independents' crude oil costs. If the market for gasoline won't sustain a higher price, then the independent refiners' demand for costly crude will indeed fall. The only way that crude prices could stay up in such a situation is if OPEC cut supplies by a sizable amount, and there are serious doubts that OPEC could enforce more supply restrictions without encouraging secret discounts and other cheating. With the FEA no longer setting crude prices, refiners would have an incentive to shop around for the best price of crude, and they would be in an excellent bargaining position.

The arguments against decontrol are empty. Nobody really thinks we could or should keep domestic crude prices below world prices forever, so the question reduces to decontrol now or later. Retaining controls for a while, or removing them gradually, provides an incentive for domestic crude producers to withhold production in anticipation of the later price increase. That would increase our dependency on the Arabs. Eliminating controls immediately would provide the incentive and the resources needed to give OPEC some rough competition.

Fred Thompson Speaks, A Little Late

During the summer just past a good many journalists looked back nostalgically to the glorious days of the Ervin Committee Hearings. Bliss it was in that dawn to be alive. Never would life have such perfect definition, no, not ever again.

Now it transpires that Fred Thompson, the young Tennessee lawyer who was minority counsel on the Ervin Committee, has written an account of the investigation and the hearings which will soon be published by Quadrangle under the title *At That Point in Time*. It turns out that one of Thompson's chief frustrations was the sheer impossibility of getting a good deal of, well, *dirt* past the Committee's Democratic majority—as a result of which much interesting matter did not until Thompson's book see the light of day, dawn or no dawn.

For example, Thompson thought at the time that the practice of previous Presidents with regard to the FBI might provide some perspective from which to assess abuses of power by the Nixon Administration. This was not to be. The Democratic majority—in this particular

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God Bless Mrs. Thatcher

She came, she saw, she conquered (meaning me);
She lectured on a sickness and a cure.
With socialism rising like the sea,
She kneed the lot with ladylike allure.
The problem's built around expenditure:
Too much is going out; too little in.
Though Labor likes to label her a boor,
I sense that she and Adam Smith are twin.
She offers businessmen a chance to win
Instead of taxes taking such a toll.
She recommends a whiff of discipline,
While fashion favors living on the dole.
A woman once invigorated France.
I give the gal a fifty-fifty chance.

W. H. VON DREELE

instance, though not in others—enforced a strict interpretation of the Committee's mandate as restricted to the election of 1972. We therefore have had to wait for Thompson's book to get the full text of two memoranda by William C. Sullivan, who until his retirement in 1971 was assistant director of the FBI. Said Sullivan:

"To my memory the two Administrations which used the FBI most for political purposes were Mr. Roosevelt's and Mr. Johnson's. Complete and willing cooperation was given to both. For example, Mr. Roosevelt requested us to look into the backgrounds of those who opposed his Lend-Lease Bill and other similar activity which was politically contrary to President Roosevelt's views. Mrs. Roosevelt would also make some unusual requests. The contrary was also true in that the Roosevelts would indicate to the FBI they were not interested in the FBI pushing certain investigations too far. . . ."

But, according to Sullivan, LBJ made the Roosevelts look like pikers where this kind of thing was concerned. Johnson bugged Anna Chennault and the South Vietnamese embassy, he had Agnew's phone monitored in 1968, he had a special FBI team spook various politicians and political groups at the 1964 Democratic Convention in Atlantic City, ditto for Chicago in 1968, he had Martin Luther King bugged, he personally rewrote an FBI report on Walter Jenkins, he had the FBI investigate Goldwater's staff in 1964 in order to uncover possible dirt, etc.

Had this material emerged during the Ervin Committee hearings it would not have excused the transgressions of the Nixonites. But it would have inhibited the more glorious moralistic cadenzas. Instead, the focus remained resolutely on the main task.

Thompson also has some fascinating pages on the abuse of power by, yes, the staff of the Ervin Committee: "The elements of fairness and respect for individual rights frequently suffered. Rebozo was a particular target and an easy one. . . . Staff members made four trips to Miami to interview Rebozo. They traveled in pairs, sometimes in threes. Sometimes one team would interview Rebozo for four, five, or six hours; a few days later another group would go over the same material with Rebozo . . . Rebozo investigators interviewed the members of Rebozo's family and all of his business acquaintances over a six-year period; they subpoenaed the business records, not only of Rebozo but also of all those with whom he had done business for six years. They interrogated all the people he had written checks to during that period. At a committee meeting, when I asked what six-year-old business records had to do with the 1972 presidential campaign, I never received an answer. . . They obtained the toll records for 11 telephones that Rebozo had access to for this six-year period and questioned him on over 400 telephone numbers, asking him whom he talked to and what they talked about. Young Committee staffers, unable to get the answers they wanted, told a respected trust officer in Rebozo's bank, 'We'll see that you get immunity if you tell us the truth.' "

One trembles to think of the reaction had some congressional committee thus dealt with, say, a suspected Communist agent. For his own self-protection Rebozo ought to join the Communist Party or at least become a Black Panther.

Fred Thompson's book is full of other little bombshells. He has evidence, for example, that the Democratic National Committee knew about the Watergate break-in before it took place. He also presents evidence of much more substantial CIA involvement in the Watergate-plumbers business than heretofore supposed. We await with interest the reaction when the book is published.

The Intelligence Impasse

In the current flap between the President and the House Select Committee on Intelligence, President Ford would seem to be in the right—and to be holding the high cards. The Committee is investigating the effectiveness of our intelligence agencies and for that purpose needs certain data from the Administration. The purpose of the investigation is eminently reasonable: the American taxpayers spend millions of dollars on intelligence-gathering activities, and their representatives want to find out if the spies are doing a good job. Did they, for example, predict the Mideast war (answer: no); if not, why not?

But in the course of the investigation the Committee released to the public not its conclusions on the effectiveness of the country's intelligence operations, but a discreet intelligence report which included certain words the Administration emphatically believed should be kept secret. The portion stated that just before the outbreak of hostilities, the Egyptians had effected "greater communications security." The Administration claimed those words would give the Egyptians an indication of just

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how well we had penetrated their communications system. Nonsense, replied the Committee. But if, say, the Egyptians had used unscrambled telephones on Wednesday and then put scramblers on the lines by Thursday, the announcement we had, at just that time, detected their "greater communications security" would reveal to them that we had penetrated their telephone system. That disclosure to the public was not essential to the Committee's job, and so the White House has refused to provide it with any more data containing such classified material absent an assurance that the Committee will not declassify it without Executive consultation.

The Committee may decide to go ahead and subpoena documents Ford refused to supply voluntarily, but apart from the problematic ruling of the courts on the merits, going to court to enforce a subpoena will take time—and the Committee's report is due on January 31. Probably a compromise can be worked out, but it should be one that doesn't add to the nation's intelligence derelictions, which are the reason for the Committee's investigation. Congress has shown itself to be neither secure nor sensitive to security matters, and Ford will be at fault if he does not drive a hard bargain with the Committee.

St.-John Perse, R I P

Like Strabo, like Herodotus, ancients whose travels lent the great world's spaces a dimension of the fabulous, Alexis Saint-Léger celebrated the variousness of the globe in turmoil, its winds, its waves, its rites: "Very old temples under palm trees, frequented by a mule and three white hens; effronteries of the hill tribes, and passage of rivers on skin-jars; horsemen bearing letters of alliance, the ambush in the vineyard, forays of robbers in the depths of gorges and maneuvers over field to ravish a woman, the silent talk of two men under a tree. . . ." One would never guess that the author of these words had written in a Paris subway nor that their translator was his contemporary, T. S. Eliot.

He was born in the lifetime of Mallarmé and Verlaine (1887: Baudelaire was but twenty years dead), lived to be Nobel laureate (1960), and died just the other day, survived by a handsome bilingual edition whose other translators include Auden and Robert Fitzgerald.

He was the last heir of the Symbolist tradition in France. The nineteenth century French imagination yearned toward exotic daydreams (think of Flaubert's *Salammbô*) but was humbled by the reflection that its roots were after all bourgeois, its secret identity that of Emma Bovary. Perse had no need of the daydream. He belonged to the first human generation for which prolonged residence under stress in remote places may be virtually commonplace. In his late twenties he was in England (it is odd to reflect that he knew Conrad and G. K. Chesterton). At thirty he was in Peking, attached to the French legation. He did not need to imagine the Gobi Desert; he knew it at first hand. It was sandy and vast. By 1940 he was in exile in Washington, deprived by Vichy of his French nationality and expelled from the Order of the Legion of Honor. The Gestapo was destroying his unpublished manuscripts in Paris. His major work was nearly all written in America, in places as various as Savannah, Georgia, Long Island Beach, New Jersey, Hundred Acre Island, Maine. Baudelaire would have rubbed envious eyes at such a history. It is almost a commonplace twentieth century life.

The knowledge that such vicissitudes were no longer unusual freed him to indulge a language that has the texture of rhapsody but is firmly grounded in public fact. The stabilities of his world are what they were for pre-Socratic man, who sensed that the great forces of natural change, the winds, the waves, the snows, were the planet's reliable constants, things of repose for the mind, and nearly divine. For Perse as for Heraclitus, nothing human abides as surely as a flowing stream, a blowing wind.

The winds of his principal work (*Vents*, 1945) blow high and far and view America, where we encounter "tattooers of exiled Queens" and "Radiologists helmeted with lead on the edge of betrothal beds"—hundreds of strange-seeming men, in fact, like the census of some Bronze Age tribe, yet simply actual. Here it would be Whitman who would rub his eyes, to see his device, the free verse catalogue, turned into a net for such remarkable fish.

"The guilty conscience of his time," Perse called the poet; keeper, he also said, of an earthenware lamp which continues to suffice in a time of nuclear energy. By its light he pondered such marvels as engaged minds in prehistory, a time only ten thousand years ago. Inertia, he thought, is the only mortal danger. To ignore his example would be one form it might take.

—H. KENNER

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I am somewhat late this year, but not because of a dearth of preposterous quotations to break up the Dog Days (actually, the traditional Dog Days are past). It was merely a matter of sitting down and performing the chore.

I have two offerings for 1975. Both are worthy of consideration.

1. "Intelligence, like every phenotypically plastic biological character, is not the realization of a genetic blueprint but the outcome of an exceedingly complex interaction of a genetically encoded developmental strategy and a unique environmental history."

—*Scientific American*, July, 1975.

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2. "Population statisticians show that in no way is it necessary for a family to have 3.4 children to maintain the population level. 2.2 children are quite enough." —Dr. Hans W. Jürgens, *Die Zeit*, #29, July 18, 1975.

Yours,
Philip Brantingham
Scott, Foresman & Co.
Glenview, Ill.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

The *New York Times*, in one of their imaginative *obiter dicta*, revealed recently that "Joseph Coors . . . apparently shares with the Birch Society [the view that] the news media is (*sic*) dominated by ultra-leftists who are helping destroy traditional American moral values" (*Times*, 9/14/75, Sect. 4, p. 2). This comment was made in a news article, not in an editorial or an analysis.

The structure of this dramatic insight suggests a simple rule for what might be an entertaining parlor game. For example, one could say:

Tom Wolfe apparently shares with Adolf Hitler the view that modern art is institutionally corrupt.

Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn apparently shares with Ivan the Terrible the view that an assertive central authority is needed to maintain the integrity of the Russian nation.

Jesus Christ apparently shares with Satan the view that the Bible is a source of norms for conduct.

William F. Buckley Jr. apparently shares with Lee Harvey Oswald the view that John Kennedy was an inferior President.

T. S. Eliot apparently shares with Mao Tse-tung the view that poetry is an important influence in cultural development.

Transportation Secretary Coleman apparently shares with Benito Mussolini the view that the trains should run on time.

And so forth. One final example: The *New York Times* apparently shares with *Pravda* the view that accuracy and objectivity must not be permitted to supplant ideological advocacy.

With best regards,
Gerald S. Uba
West Seneca, N.Y.

Something Substantial, Please

I'm searching for a standard—
  A flag to rally 'round.
It need not be the holy grail;
  Just something plain but sound.
In Egypt, there's The Prophet;
  The French revere the *crèche*.
But all I see on my TV
  Is Jerry pressing flesh.

W. H. von Dreele

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Upon the excuse of your most expert interest in words, permit me to remind you that detente's primary meaning in French is *the trigger of a gun*, and à la detente translates as *the act of pulling the trigger*.

Perhaps detente's secondary meaning of *relaxation* derives from the calm which succeeds an accurate pull.

Sincerely yours,
C. Parkinson

■ Memo to: Priscilla Buckley
Bill Buckley
From: Neil McCaffrey

Just had a call from Benny Goodman. (I know him slightly.) He liked the article [*NR*, Sept. 26] so much that he chatted and reminisced for about fifteen minutes (rare for him). Then he added, "A nice magazine, too. It's Buckley's, isn't it? Well, it's a nice magazine anyway."

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Several days ago I had an experience which might amuse you as much as it did me. While looking up a word in Appleton's Spanish Dictionary I ran across its word for "politician," which I found to be "*politicastro*." Naturally, my curiosity was aroused and so I tried to track down the origin of the word. The "*politi-*" was easy enough but I was truly intrigued by "*-castro*," thinking of Cuba. When I looked up *castro* I found it to mean "*game played by boys; act of taking honeycombs out of hives*; *headland*; *hilltop with castle in ruins*."

Yours truly,
John Alexander Hardy
Sharon, Conn.

■ Dear Bill,

And God said:

"$\nabla \cdot D = 4\pi\rho$

$\nabla \cdot B = 0$

$\nabla \times H = \frac{4\pi}{c} J + \frac{1}{c}\frac{\delta D}{\delta t}$

$\nabla \times E = \frac{1}{c}\frac{\delta B}{\delta t}$ "

. . . and there was Light.

I understand that is a favorite of physicists from Boston to Berkeley. The formula is known as MAXWELL'S EQUATIONS motif.

I've made your day, right?

Best wishes,
Gene Shalit
New York

Gene: You have *lighted* my day— Bill
—WFB

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Main Event in New Hampshire

WHILE IN DALLAS, city of the resonant name, Gerald Ford, wrapped in a steel bulletproof vest, lashed out at "people who say everything is falling apart, how the quality of life is sliding down hill. . . ." His message was well received by his audience—Republican activists who evidently don't know or don't care that Mr. Ford's Administration keeps churning out statistical evidence that the average American's standard of living is declining. Then Mr. Ford dashed off to California, a state that evidently exerts a strong pull on him, and where a second assassination attempt in little more than a fortnight failed. But between Dallas and California he visited New Hampshire, a state that will have a profound impact on his career, one way or another, in five months.

In New Hampshire he motored across the state, giving the same speech 21 times—or was it 22?—on behalf of the Republican candidate for the Senate, Louis Wyman, who was soundly thrashed a few days later. Even more than is usual when Americans are offered a choice at the polls, the American people were the sure losers as the sun rose on election day in New Hampshire. The hope that, somehow, both candidates would lose was widespread in New Hampshire, a feeling expressed by one voter to a reporter: "Well, I guess we have to send *someone* to Washington."

Mr. Ford, cheerful as ever, ended his day of ineffective campaigning by promising the people of New Hampshire, "I'll be back here in March, and I intend to ask for your support then." That promise might be a good symbol of the current political thinking in the White House. Mr. Ford may return to New Hampshire in March, but if he does he will be a bit late for the state's primary, which will probably be February 24. The interesting thing is not that Mr. Ford is assuming, correctly, that he will be challenged in New Hampshire and elsewhere by Ronald Reagan. Rather, the interesting thing is that Mr. Ford is evidently planning a full-scale primary campaign.

Think about it. When was the last time an incumbent President stumped the country in pursuit of his Party's nomination? Hoover did some campaigning in 1932—an unencouraging precedent. There was a lively scrap in 1912 (the year the GOP finished third) between President William Howard Taft and Theodore Roosevelt—another discouraging precedent. Already Mr. Ford is drawing much criticism for his perpetual motion, flying hither and yon on what would candidly be called campaign trips if candor would not cost the Ford campaign organization, or the Republican National Committee, a lot of money. Surely television has taken the novelty, and hence the usefulness, out of personal appearances by Presidents, and out of all that handshaking at airport fences. If not, then Mr. Ford's current pace certainly will complete the devaluation of such trips. His frantic travel schedule is rekindling the general uneasiness about his seriousness. There is nothing for Mr. Ford to fear more than the feeling that he is a fine fellow but not serious about the job he fell into by a series of accidents. And what will he do, this madcap traveler, next February? If next winter is no worse than average, the nation, according to Frank Zarb, Mr. Ford's current "energy czar," will be in the throes of a natural gas shortage of 1.3 trillion cubic feet.

Already, while the weather is still warm, Mr. Ford's approval rating is about 46 per cent—Mr. Nixon's average rating. For several months his rating has been sinking toward the level it had reached before the Cambodians stole that ship. According to some private polling, Mr. Ford's lead over Mr. Reagan in New Hampshire is narrow—less than 10 per cent—with an unusually large bloc of "undecideds." And this is before Mr. Reagan has even announced his candidacy, and at a point when the future contains more visible hazards than hopes for Mr. Ford.

Mr. Ford's operatives argue that their man cannot be badly injured in New Hampshire by anything other than a defeat. That is, they are anxious to distinguish Mr. Ford's situation from Lyndon Johnson's situation eight years ago. Then Mr. Johnson beat Minnesota Senator Eugene McCarthy by 6 per cent of the vote, but the narrowness of his victory was a devastating blow that led to his decision not to seek re-election. Mr. Ford's operatives say Mr. Reagan must do better than Mr. McCarthy did in order to have substantial impact because he, Mr. Reagan, is, from the start, a more serious candidate than Mr. McCarthy was at the start.

That much—Mr. Reagan's seriousness—is not disputed, least of all by Mr. Reagan's Washington operatives, who point out that but for the Watergate unpleasantness, Mr. Reagan today would be the odds-on favorite to win the 1976 Republican nomination to succeed the retiring Mr. Nixon. So there may be truth in the Ford operatives' assertion that for Mr. Reagan a miss—in New Hampshire or anywhere else—is as good as a mile. If Mr. Reagan can't beat Mr. Ford among Republican primary voters, he is not apt to beat the Democratic nominee, whoever he is, in a general election.

BE THAT as it may, it is also true that Mr. Ford, for his part, is up against this axiom, which cannot be repeated too often: An incumbent President is supposed to be able to beat anyone in his party, any place, any time. And he probably must do it without abandoning the White House for days on the campaign trail, New Hampshire-style. The spoiled voters of New Hampshire demand and receive a kind of intimate, person-to-person, coffee-in-the-living room kind of campaigning that takes more time than Presidents can usually spend away from the hotline, or whatever it is they are near when they are in the White House.

In any event this much is clear: Mr. Ford cannot afford to lose to Mr. Reagan anywhere; Mr. Reagan cannot afford a string of defeats, so he must injure Mr. Ford early; and, contrary to prevailing expectations, the Democratic primary in New Hampshire may be a sideshow. (See "Cato.") □

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Portugal, Spain, Europe

Letter from Mallorca

JAMES BURNHAM

THE THEN WAXING counterculture had pulled Marian out of her school and California family eight years ago. Her mother—a dear friend of one member of our little group—was Spanish born, and Marian had ended up in Madrid, where she was now studying, she told us, to be a veterinarian "specializing in large animals." She was wearing jeans, which, in the context of the five star hotel where we were staying, told us that though she was willing to parley with the Feds, she was not yet ready to return to the reservation.

The telephone call turned out to be for her, and she talked in fast Spanish. "That's Fernando," she reported, "my ex-boyfriend who won't admit the ex. He's downstairs and is on his way up. I'm trying to find a way to shake him loose"—this wasn't altogether convincing when one reflected that he had known where to find her—"but he's bright, and if you really want to eat local, he's a painter and he knows everything about this city."

Fernando was also in jeans, but he wore them well, and had a fine black beard and a pleasant voice. Marian was right about his knowledge of Madrid. He took us to a district we had never been in, and we ate at one of those food-bar cafeterias that are common in Spanish cities, brightly lit and jammed with people, all Spaniards except for us, mostly young and all talking at full speed. We ate and drank first at the bar and then at one of a half dozen tables in a small back room. Afterward Fernando led us to a large café, also filled to bursting with talk and Spaniards—here mostly, I gathered, painters, writers, students, journalists, younger academics.

What Kind of Socialism?

Fernando had just got back from three months in Portugal, and at the cafeteria I asked a few questions about his experiences there, the repercussions in Spain, the post-Franco outlook, etc. His replies were discreet and noncommittal. But at the café, whether from the wine or the pressure of his ideas and passions, he opened up in the mélange of French, English, Spanish, and gestures through which we managed to communicate. He had not gone to Portugal to paint, as we had earlier been allowed to assume, but to observe and, at least in spirit, join a revolution. Thousands of young men and women, not only from Spain but from all Europe, are making this same pilgrimage.

The issue in Portugal, as Fernando defined it, is "socialism." But, I asked him, what kind of socialism—a Portuguese pro-Western socialism or a socialism controlled by Moscow? A totalitarian socialism or a pluralist, democratic socialism? "*Bourgeois* democratic," he emended. "There is only one socialism. It has reached different stages and has followed different paths in different countries, but everywhere it is the same struggle for the same goal. There cannot be socialism in Portugal without Cunhal, just as the world struggle for socialism is inconceivable apart from the Soviet Union."

Fernando was saying, as I understood him, that "social democracy" is an illusion or a fraud. The "democracy" of a pluralist, democratic socialism inevitably turns out to be "bourgeois"; that is, a sociopolitical structure to which capitalism and a privileged economic class can (and do) adapt themselves. The Scandinavian countries—in truth, most of the advanced non-Communist countries—seem to prove him correct, contrary to the predictions of both laissez-faire economics and reformist Marxism. It follows, as Cunhal has frankly insisted, that "genuine socialism," in Portugal and everywhere else, requires the abandonment of the "bourgeois" forms of political democracy and pluralism; and that therefore, Mario Soares is "playing into the hands of the counterrevolution."

The fate of Europe—I am once more repeating—and therefore, almost surely, of Western civilization, is being decided in the Iberian Peninsula—by what is happening now in Portugal, and by what will happen tomorrow in Spain, since Spain, faced with the crisis of the succession, cannot avoid integral involvement. If Fernando's kind of socialism—a dictatorial socialism (in a word, Communism), because of its historical affinity with Soviet socialism—is installed in Iberia or even, with Spanish acquiescence, in Portugal alone, then Western Europe will be strategically outflanked, and in due course neutralized (Finlandized). The United States will thus be isolated. Saving Israel will prove a meager counterweight to the loss of Europe.

The Stake Is Europe

How many Spaniards think along Fernando's lines? I somehow got the impression that many in the café that night did, but perhaps they were mostly unstable intellectuals and radical-chic types. It is impossible for strangers to know what Spaniards are thinking: their thoughts are hidden behind outward forms much as the houses along older streets are hidden behind the featureless façades. The controlled press is banal, though there are carefully written reports about the Basque terrorists, the trials that condemn them to the death penalty, and the protests against the verdicts. There have been more industrial strikes this year than ever before, but Madrid's streets are models of cleanliness. The guards at the entrances of police stations and government buildings (several of whose fellows have been shot by the terrorists) all have pistols in holsters and—with a uniformity that indicates a command from the center—a submachine gun held at the ready. But here on this holiday island the only visible politics is a dispute over alleged corruption in building contracts, and the big event is the arrival of the year's five-millionth tourist.

We will soon learn what is behind the façade. The Caudillo cannot last much longer, and by all precedents the change of regime must soon bring Spain to a critical confrontation. Its resolution will be decisive retroactively for Portugal also, and, by its consequences, for Europe. It will be amusing if Europe is saved by proud and passionate Iberians who have for so long been condescendingly ostracized by their secular, utilitarian, compromising neighbors. □

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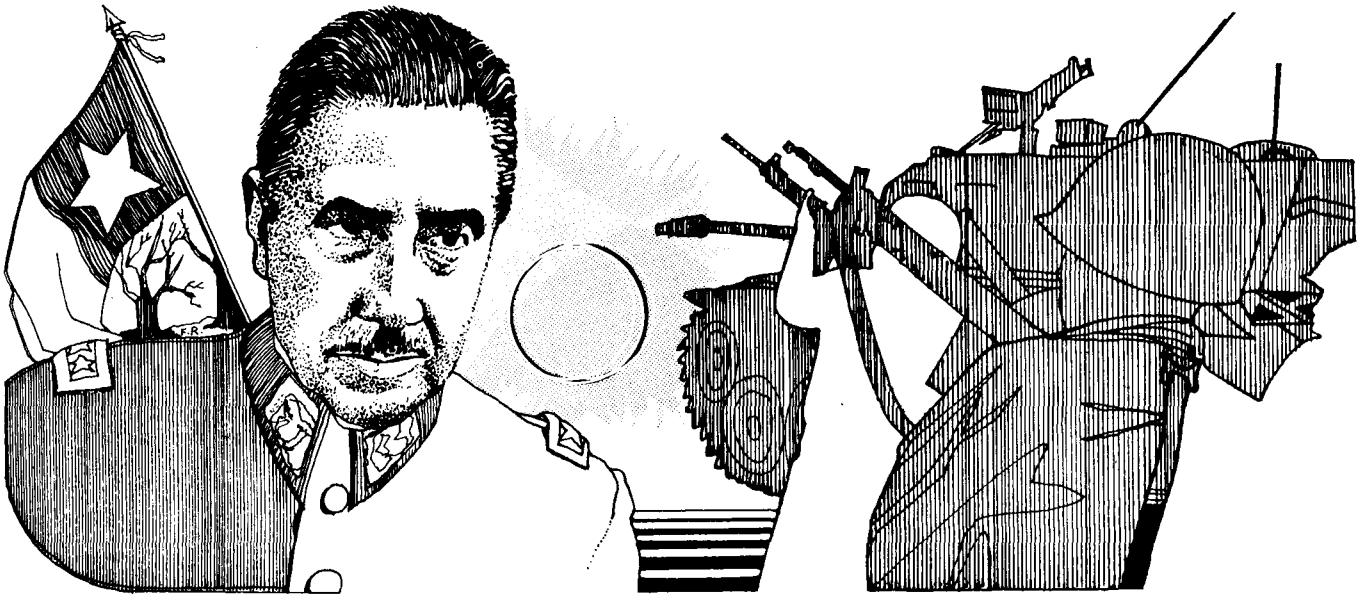
LETTER FROM CHILE

The Tribulation of Chile

ROBERT MOSS



It was a bit boy scoutish of them, but the soldiers who overthrew Salvador Allende thought that they had earned the gratitude of the American people, and of the West in general. For one thing, they had prevented the transformation of Chile into a sort of Latin American Czechoslovakia, complete with Soviet bases. For another, they were staunch believers in the market economy and the positive role of foreign investment. They set about denationalizing foreign businesses that had been confiscated under Allende, and agreed to pay handsome compensation to American copper companies that had been taken over —more, in the case of Cerro, than the book value that the corporation itself had placed on its Chilean assets! If this didn't make the Chile of the generals a pro-Western country, deserving of friendly support (even if not the miniature Marshall Aid program needed to repair the economic havoc wrought by three years of Marxist misrule) what would?

Alas, how little these soldiers understood the mood of the times in Washington or London. With the spirit of Helsinki about, it is not done to attack Communists too stridently. Since the intellectual defense of capitalism has become a minority cause in most of the countries that owe their present affluence to it, these disciples of Adam Smith and Milton Friedman were a positive embarrassment. Chile, after all, is a backward, developing country, and the liberal Establishment has been telling us for decades that the only appropriate economic strategy for such places is the smash-and-grab redistributionism propounded by such bodies as the UN Economic Commission for Latin America. Anyway, the soft-core masochism of the liberal Establishment has now reached such extremities that any outsider who fails to gratify its need for an endless recital of the crimes and horrors perpetrated by the West is immediately dismissed as a fascist beast. Aid, from this perspective, is an act of expiation: you give it to people who tell you that you have wronged them and that they have a right to squeeze you for every penny they can get. It is not something that you give to people who tell you that they admire you, not for what you are but for what you were and might have been, if you had been able to sustain a more assertive faith in your own values and traditions.

What was totally unforgivable about General Augusto Pinochet Ugarte and his colleagues, in this context, is that they were pro-American. Such presumption had to be punished. "*We* choose *our* friends," came the shrill rebuke from Capitol Hill. "Our friends do *not* choose us."

And how could Chile fail to be an unpopular cause in America, since the coup against Allende was linked, in the public psyche, with the Watergate era, with disaster in Vietnam, with CIA dirty tricks, and with hanky-panky by ITT?

Since the myth that General Pinochet was an invention of Richard Nixon and the CIA befuddles the view like a pea-soup fog whenever the topic of Chile comes up, I had better dispose of it swiftly. I have described the antecedents of the coup in detail elsewhere. It is enough here to make two basic points. First: of course it is true that the CIA was involved in Chile; it had not yet been reduced to a press-cuttings agency. It is also true that people up at the

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White House were working out contingency plans. But if the CIA had really been able to engineer the fall of Allende for $8 million—a pittance even compared with what it spent in Chile in the 1960s supporting Christian Democrats and left-wing priests—it would have secured the sale of the century. What it mainly did was to keep alive some of the chief constraints on a would-be totalitarian government, such as a free press and independent trade unions. Second: the coup was merely the sharp cutting edge of a broad-based, and essentially home-grown, *counterrevolution* which bore a resemblance, in some respects, to the current popular upheavals against the pro-Communist regime in Portugal. The junta has subsequently isolated itself from some of its original civilian supporters, but there is no doubt that it was welcomed by a majority of the Chilean population on September 11, 1973. That this simple fact has been successfully camouflaged in much of the reporting then and since is a tribute a) to the lavishly financed and brilliantly conceived Marxist propaganda campaign that has been waged against Chile, and b) to the amazingly insular approach of modish American commentators, who write as if nobody but the CIA is capable of setting up a right-wing regime.

Remember the appalling legacy of the Allende regime which had destroyed faith in the constitution and the party system and made political violence a way of life in Chile

Oh yes, the junta has not served its own image well by its treatment of political dissidents or its unapologetic decision not to return—in any determinate future—to the democratic system. There are serious charges for the junta to answer on human rights, and on the abuse of power by its own security services, and I do not intend to gloss over it. But it is useful at this stage to make one simple observation about the way that this relates to the junta's image abroad. If the military regime in Chile, following the example of all self-respecting Communist revolutionaries, had flatly decided to shut out all foreign reporters, civil rights investigators, and sundry do-gooders for a period of, say, six months after the coup, our diet of horror stories from Chile would have been meager indeed. It is to the credit of the junta that (unlike the new masters of Cambodia and South Vietnam, and unlike Mrs. Gandhi) it has not imposed a blackout of this kind. Almost everyone has attacked Pinochet for refusing to admit a UN Human Rights Commission in July and this decision would indeed appear, in its context, to have been a major diplomatic error. But are the editorial writers of the *Washington Post* or the *New York Times* demanding that the UN should send similar commissions to Cambodia, South Vietnam, and India, and, if not, why not?

The sad fact is that it is neither the *quantity* of the repression in Chile nor the junta's treatment of its foreign critics that is the real source of the selective outrage that finds a focus in Pinochet. It is that the junta, being right-wing and open to some forms of Western influence, is preeminently get-at-able. If a country goes Communist, the consensus among our press crusaders and "concerned" academics appears to be, the case is closed. Their logic runs as follows: The new lords of "Ho Chi Minh City" won't let us visit their "re-education" centers. But even if it is true that dire things go on there, you can't make an omelette without breaking eggs—and who are we, from the guilt-ridden West, to question the morality of an Asian revolution?

WELL, WE KNOW by now how these double standards work. If I were to write, by way of apology for some of the mistakes or excesses that have been committed in the new Chile, that you can't make an omelette without breaking eggs, many people would be delighted to put my head on a pike. Remember that it is far harder—and takes far longer—to rebuild than to destroy. Remember the appalling legacy of the Allende regime which, by systematically violating the laws, had destroyed faith in the constitution and the party system and made political violence a way of life in Chile. You can't wish away an historical experience as shattering as that, and revert to some milder age of democratic politics predating the holocaust. Even if you could, it would probably be impossible to produce a democratic government in Chile at this stage with the guts, and the popular backing, to sustain the current program of economic reconstruction which is at last beginning to bring inflation under control—but at the cost of a bitter recession, bringing in train considerable social suffering.

A military junta is not, and can never be, a *permanent* form of government, in a country as sophisticated and politically-minded as Chile. But it is my contention that military rule is, inescapably, a necessary *transitional* phase in Chile, and that its harshness and duration are likely to be increased, rather than diminished, by American congressmen and others who wave big sticks from afar instead of offering constructive advice based on the realities of the situation. Phrases like "invisible blockage" or "destabilization" that were used by liberals to describe past American policy toward Allende might equally well be applied to current American policy toward Pinochet. An old friend, a senior man in the Chilean navy, astonished me during a recent visit when he exclaimed, apropos of the Turkish decision to take over most of the American bases, that "I wish that we had some American bases. If we could do what the Turks have done, Congress might begin to understand that if you kick your friends around for long enough, you won't have any left!"

His outburst was provoked, of course, by the congressional decision last year to block arms sales to Chile that were not negotiated before July 1, 1974 and to limit economic aid for Chile to an annual $25 million. The U.S. arms embargo means that the Chileans cannot even get ammunition and spare parts for their American-made weapons, although a dozen F-5 fighter planes are still in the pipeline, with delivery expected to commence next March. The embargo hurts more than it would have anyway since Congress, in its wisdom, did not decide to stop arms sales to Peru simultaneously.

Mr. Moss is the editor of The (London) Economist's Foreign Report *and the author of* Chile's Marxist Experiment *and* The War of the Cities.

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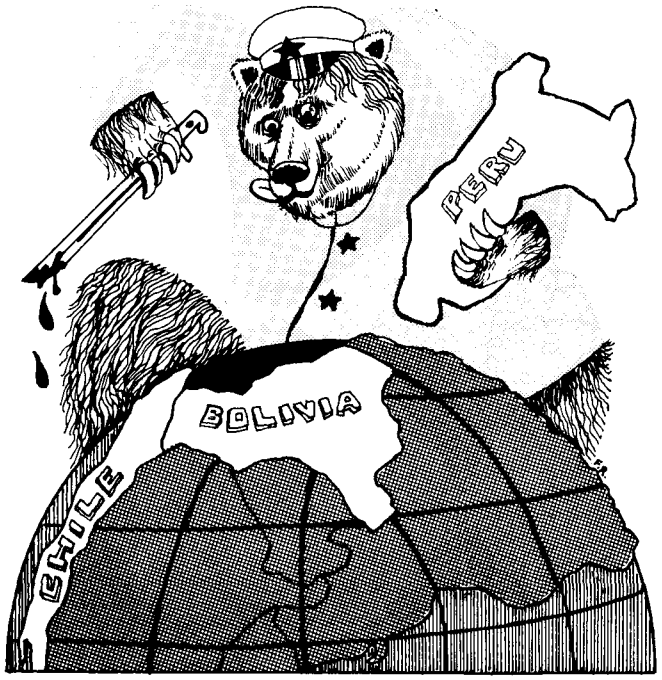
Consider, for a moment, the supposed morality of the Chilean arms embargo. It seems to me that there are only two irreproachable reasons for refusing to sell weapons to someone. The first is that he may one day attack you. This is unlikely to be the case with Chile, unless you think that the Chilean navy—stung beyond forbearance—might one day send a flotilla steaming north to shell Teddy Kennedy's summer retreat. Second, you may not want to sell arms to your friend's enemy—although there will be cases (as with Greece and Turkey, or Egypt and Israel) where both parties to a regional conflict may be regarded as "friends." Now who is Chile likely to attack that could be regarded as a friend of the United States? Since Pinochet's recent bout of shrewd diplomacy with President Banzer of Bolivia, there is only one country in Latin America with which Chile is likely to go to war in any predictable future, and that is Peru. Peru may not be as wholly committed to the Russians as is commonly supposed, but it has received more than 300 Soviet tanks, together with Communist instructors and other assorted Communist weaponry (see below). If there is to be another "War of the Pacific," it is likely to be Peru that strikes first. We may wake up a few months from now to find that Congress' arms policy toward Chile has left it partly disarmed in the face of an attack by possibly the most important Soviet protégé on the Latin American mainland. This is all the more likely to happen if the Soviet bloc succeeds in its plot to have Chile suspended by the credentials committee of the UN General Assembly in its current session, thus adding to Chile's international isolation.

What really concerns the Peruvians is a secret accord between Chile and Bolivia whose eventual effect will be to supply the Bolivians with their long-desired corridor to the sea—through territory in northern Chile that is still claimed by Peru. As a first step, Bolivian soldiers are being allowed to supervise the transport of Bolivian imports via the Atacama-La Paz railroad. As a later step, General Pinochet is said to have agreed to build a new port north of Iquique for exclusive Bolivian use. A very minor, but revealing, indication of the new Chilean-Bolivian entente was the excision from the recent second edition of General Pinochet's book *Geopolitics* (written when he was a staff instructor) of certain unflattering references to Bolivia's past territorial claims on Chile.



These developments hardly delight the Peruvians, who are clinging to their own century-old claim to Chile's nitrate-rich northern provinces. The Peruvians are also bound to think hard about the fact that they have been presented with an opportunity that is unlikely to be repeated. In a year or so, Chile is likely to have recovered from the worst of its current economic troubles and to have taken delivery of those F-5s, badly needed to match Peru's Mirage fighters. But, for the moment, the Peruvians enjoy a 6 to 1 superiority in ground weaponry and a more than 2 to 1 superiority in aircraft. Are we really to believe that those tanks are just for decoration?

The Russians have been Peru's biggest benefactors. According to an authoritative secret list to which I have had access, the Peruvian army has taken delivery of 350 Soviet-made T-54 and T-55 tanks, seven Czech-built 122mm field guns, 200 Yugoslav-made 105mm mortars, 50,000 Kalachnikov rifles, two batteries of SAM-3 and SAM-6 missiles, and an unknown quantity of SAM-2 and SAM-7 missiles. The Russians have also begun delivery of a consignment of thirty MI-8 helicopters.

UNLIKE the Chileans, the Peruvians have no difficulty shopping around. Uncle Sam appears to be less scrupulous about selling hardware to a proto-Communist dictatorship than to an anti-Communist one. The Peruvians have taken delivery of eight of a consignment of 36 A-37-B planes, two (of four) "Guppy" class submarines, 84 (of 150) APC-113 armored cars, three (of nine) Grumman Tracker planes. They have also been negotiating the purchase of up to 16 F-5 fighter planes and one hundred tank transport vehicles capable of operating in the kind of mountain country characteristic of eastern Chile. It is hardly surprising that the Chilean military are somewhat embittered by this sales list. I have gone into some detail, because I think that a full explanation of why American arms policy has been "business as usual" in relation to Peru, but not in relation to Chile, is the least that the Administration—and the U.S. Congress—owes to the government in Santiago.

I used that dubious phrase "invisible blockade." Well, it is a pretty visible blockade in the case of the arms sales—not to mention the fact that Chilean officers are no longer permitted to attend training courses in American defense institutions. That is another minor stroke of genius. Some congressional staffers think that the Chilean military are "gorillas," and that they should be cut off from the educational influences of the outside world. The Ford Foundation and some American universities seem to reason the same way. The Ford Foundation has decided to end grants to anyone working inside Chile (much to the chagrin of left-wing Christian Democrats as well as conservative academics) and confine its support to Chilean exiles. The University of California has severed its links with the University of Chile. Isn't it funny how the left liberals who promote "convergence" theories in relation to the Communist world—i.e., Let's see more of them and they'll become more like

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You want the ozone questio
So doe

And most scientists agree there is time to find the answer.

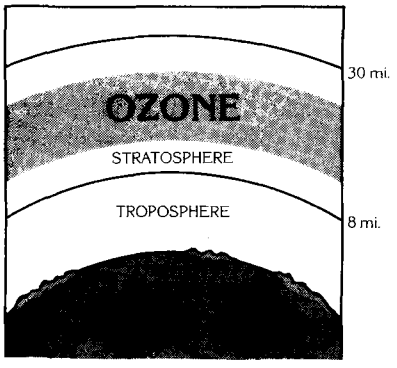
Fluorocarbons are liquids and gases used in refrigeration, for air conditioning, and as propellants in about half the aerosol spray cans sold in this country. Some say that these useful, normally safe compounds will cause a health hazard by attacking the earth's ozone layer. We believe this is an oversimplification.

The point is, to date there is no conclusive evidence to prove this statement. To understand, then, why there is a controversy, it is necessary to unsimplify the issue. We must treat the real world on its own terms, and they are complex.

The model that raised the question.

Ozone is continually created and destroyed by natural forces scientists are seeking to understand. The ozone depletion theory, based on a computer model of the stratosphere, was reported in 1974 by two chemists at the University of California.

This mathematical model calculates how fluorocarbons

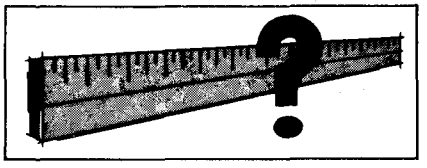


in the stratosphere behave under the influence of a series of variables (such as temperature, altitude, sunlight, chemical concentration) to affect the ozone layer.

In order to estimate hypothetical reactions, and because little is actually known about the real ones, the modelers made a number of assumptions about the way the upper atmosphere behaves.

The unmeasured yardstick.

Before any judgments can be made using this model as a stratospheric yardstick, its accuracy must be determined.



Does it describe the real, three-dimensional world? To find this out, the validity of the modeler's basic assumptions must be determined.

Turning assumptions into facts.

Before a valuable industry is hypothesized out of existence, more facts are needed. To get these facts Du Pont and the other fluorocarbon manufacturers are funding independent technological investigations in universities and research laboratories. Under the direction of acknowledged scientific experts, this research is designed to either prove or disprove the assumptions most important to the computer case against fluorocarbons.

Some research has been carried out since the model was first presented. Scientists now have a better idea of the accuracy of the assumptions in the model.

ASSUMPTION: The ozone-depleting reaction with chlorine from fluorocarbons takes place at a rate that demands an immediate decision on fluorocarbon use.

FACT: Recent determinations of reaction rates disclose that the ozone/chlorine reaction actually takes place at a slower rate than that assumed by the model. In addition, the same research has shown that the reaction of chlorine with stratospheric methane proceeds at a faster rate. Since this reaction tends to remove chlorine from the ozone layer, the net effect of both reactions is to lessen the originally-calculated impact of fluorocarbons. In fact, the impact was overstated by 300%.

RESEARCH: To guide future measurements of stratospheric reactions, a laboratory program has been funded to measure the reactions of chlorine compounds and ozone under simulated stratospheric conditions.

Most scientists agree there is time to conduct the research needed to settle the controversy one way or the other... before a final decision is made on fluorocarbon production and use.

ASSUMPTION: There is no other way to get fluorocarbons out of the atmosphere except by the ozone-depleting reaction.

FACT: One well-known class of chemical reactions not considered in the model is that of chlorine compounds in the

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nswered one way or the other.
Du Pont.

atmosphere in heterogeneous reactions.

In an article in SCIENCE (Feb. 14, 1975), Professors S. C. Wofsy, M. B. McElroy, and N. D. Sze of Harvard University caution that "If additional removal processes could be identified... or if additional sinks could be identified for stratospheric odd chlorine, the atmospheric and biological impacts of [fluorocarbons] would be reduced accordingly."

RESEARCH: Atmospheric chemistry involving ion molecule reactions has been described in recent months by several investigators. Reaction rates with ion molecules are known to be extremely fast and are believed to occur primarily in the lower stratosphere.

Thus, ion molecules could react with fluorocarbons, allowing them to be removed from the atmosphere.

ASSUMPTION: Fluorocarbons are the only significant source of chlorine available for interaction with ozone in the stratosphere.

FACT: Many chlorine-containing materials are present in the atmosphere in varying concentrations. Of particular significance, large amounts of methyl chloride and carbon tetrachloride have been discovered in the troposphere and stratosphere.

In addition, new calculations on the injection of gaseous chlorine compounds into the stratosphere from volcanic eruptions have shown this as a significant contributor of chlorine not taken into account by the model.

RESEARCH: Scientists are completing an inventory of chlorine-containing compounds in the atmosphere. It must be determined how nature deals with chlorine from these natural sources, before it can be shown that chlorine from fluorocarbons might pose a threat to the ozone layer.

Additional research.

A fluorocarbon industry research program is funding the development of a computer model that will better reflect the complex chemistry of the stratosphere.

In addition, other studies are under way to broaden our understanding of the total ozone production/destruction balance. These will concern themselves with other stratospheric reactions affecting ozone.

A panel of highly qualified academic scientists will advise on the technical programs covering various facets of the problem. This panel of independent experts will review the projects, providing a critical opinion on the pertinence of each, the probability of their success, and the completeness of the overall investigation.

Conclusion.

Much more experimental evidence is needed to evaluate the ozone depletion theory. Fortunately, as most scientists agree, there is time to gather this evidence. Du Pont has joined with other fluorocarbon manufacturers to provide funds for work by independent university scientists. Governmental agencies are also conducting research to help in the assessment of the theory.

Should the theory be proven correct after all the evidence is in, Du Pont, as we have stated, will stop the manufacture and sale of the offending compounds.

In the meantime, we believe that to act without the facts—whether it be to alarm consumers, or to enact restrictive legislation—is irresponsible. Final decisions cannot be made with only the information at hand.

The independent research described above is presently being carried out by scientists at the following institutions:

Cambridge University—England
Environmental Research and Technology, Inc.
Massachusetts Institute of Technology
State University of New York
The Battelle Memorial Institute
The University of Reading—England
University of California
University of Denver
University of Illinois
University of Maryland
University of Michigan
Washington State University
York University—Canada
Xonics, Inc.

This is the second in a series of discussions by Du Pont to offer a perspective on an important subject. If you would like copies of either this or the first discussion, please write to: FREON*, Room 24517, Du Pont Company, Wilmington, DE 19898.

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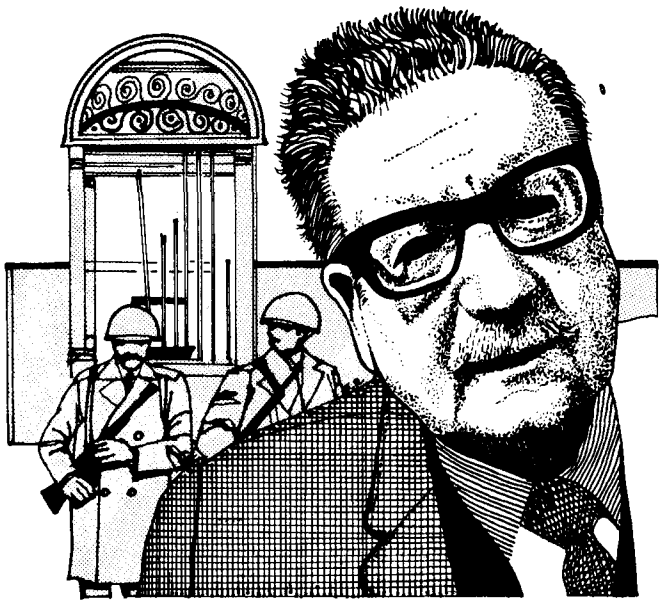
us—say just the opposite when it comes to dealing with a right-wing country?

There has, of course, been no economic blockade of the junta, but American aid and credits have hardly been magnanimous—certainly not by comparison with what the Soviet bloc did for Allende. All in all, U.S. aid and credits to the junta during its first two years probably total some $300 million, less than half what the Warsaw Pact countries doled out to Allende over his three years in office. And there have been a few snags along the way. Robert McNamara at the World Bank (a very busy man who is said to find time to meet weekly with a group of Chilean exiles) has been particularly reluctant to sanction credits for the junta.

ONE LAST WORD about the American role in Chile. It seems to be a long-standing convention with the State Department that Our Man in Santiago should be temperamentally incompatible with the government to which he is accredited. Allende had to reckon with the shrewd conservative Nathaniel Davis; the junta has to contend with the liberal David Popper, whose past contretemps with Senator Joe McCarthy—and the fuss that was made about it at the time of his appointment—did not exactly help him to find his feet on the rather Manichean terrain of present-day Chile. His relations with the junta are notoriously frigid, and are not improved by the fact that the close liaison between his political staff and left-wing Christian Democrats is an open secret. The military seem to believe, rightly or wrongly, that the project of the U.S. Embassy—or at least an element within it—is to engineer the return to power of the Christian Democrats, "the American party," at the earliest possible opportunity. Many of the blunders committed in Chile might have been averted if the Americans—and some of the West Europeans—had made a more sustained attempt to offer practical guidance rather than try to resuscitate a long-lost past.

This much by way of introduction. The present condition of Chile, a country which I have grown to love and to which I feel a strong personal commitment, depresses me in many respects, and I am not going to pull any punches in describing where things have gone wrong, and where they need to be changed. But the attempt to isolate Chile from outside aid and support, which will be pushed further at the UN this fall, can only—if successful—make conditions in Chile worse. To the extent that the United States is seen to be floating along with such a policy, it risks driving Chile into that ever-growing, stridently nationalistic lobby of nations for which terms like "right-wing" or "left-wing" become irrelevant.

Pinochet is called a "fascist" not because he puts people in jail without trial, but because his government is anti-Communist and supports private enterprise. Velasco was *not* called a "fascist," because he made anti-American and anti-capitalist speeches and was on good terms with the Russians. There is an easy, if unpalatable, option for the Chilean generals if, in the long run, the West fails them, and that is to catapult over to a Peruvian-style "national socialism" that would not greatly respect human rights and democratic principles but could count on Third World approval. I shall return to this scenario in discussing the long-range political alternatives for Chile; it is one that desk-



bound diplomats who seem to imagine that outside pressure can induce a riven society to revert to its former system overnight would do well to study.

I must now home in at once on the focus of most people's concern about Chile: the human rights question and the methods of the security services. Chile is still almost laughably *unlike* a police state in some respects. Take the recent visit of Victor Louis, the mysterious Moscow-based journalist who always seems to know what the KGB wants to be known. Victor Louis turned up the other day at the office of a senior official in the Foreign Ministry in Santiago, which squats back-to-back with the burned-out shell of La Moneda, where Allende met his death. The official, who knew Louis' reputation well, was amazed by his appearance.

"How did you get a visa?" he asked.

"Oh, I didn't need one. I just walked out of the airport on a transit card."

"How did you get into this building?"

"I showed the guard my international driving license."

"How did you find my office?"

"Oh, your name is well-known in Moscow. I just asked a man in the corridor to show me the way."

I HAVE NO doubt that the story, recounted to me by the official involved, is factual, and it hardly conjures up an image of the new Chile as a scene from *1984*. The follow-up was equally revealing. After much bureaucratic confusion, Louis was permitted to fulfill his real mission, which was to interview the Chilean Communist leader, Luis Corvalan, in jail and discuss terms for his possible release.

The Victor Louis anecdote suggests, apart from anything else, the amateur, provisional way that many things have been done in Chile since September 1973. Two years is a brief space of time in which to expect men who had spent most of their adult lives preparing for routine military maneuvers to learn how to be statesmen, economists—or intelligence officers. The ramshackle structure of the Chilean security services reflects this. The junta started out with only the regular military intelligence services—of the army (DINE), navy (SINA), air force (SIFA), and of

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the paramilitary Carabineros (SICA). Last year, a new National Intelligence Directorate (DINA) was formally constituted, with Colonel Manuel Contreras ("El Marmo"), a confidant of General Pinochet, as its chief. Since then, the day-to-day control of DINA, the precise definition of its functions, and the alleged excesses of some of its agents have become the topics for an intense debate within the armed forces as well as within the country as a whole.

Since the workings of DINA remain a mystery to most outsiders, it may be well to say a little about how it is organized. At the outset, it was purely an army operation, and the bulk of its 2,000-odd military personnel are army men; only four full-time operatives come from the air force, for example, though one of them is number three in the hierarchy, responsible for counter-intelligence. DINA also employs a civilian staff that has now also reached about 2,000 (including 18 economists, in a special section responsible for reporting on the likely effects of new economic measures); its network of informers is said to be about eight times as large.

It was unclear from the beginning whether DINA was to function as a parallel security service, or as a headquarters which would monitor the activities of the regular services. Inter-service jealousies, and the special importance which the president assigns to DINA, have tended to make it an uneasy combination of the two.

Unlike the Chileans, the Peruvians have no difficulty shopping around. Uncle Sam appears to be less scrupulous about selling hardware to a proto-Communist dictatorship

We now enter the murky world of conflicting witnesses and unsubstantiated facts. It would appear, from a large body of circumstantial evidence, that DINA's main priorities have been the following, in order of immediacy:

1. To destroy the MIR (Movement of the Revolutionary Left).

2. To prevent the Christian Democratic Party (supposedly "in recess") from reorganizing as an effective political force.

3. To destroy the clandestine networks of the Communist Party.

I stress the *order* of priorities, because it has naturally been a sore point with many that a significant number of Christian Democratic organizers have been arrested while—in the admission of even the highest authorities—the structures of the Communist Party remain "virtually intact."

DINA, and the security services in general, have clearly succeeded in their first goal. The leader of the MIR, Miguel Enríquez, was killed in a gun battle last October. A young man called Sotomayor who was expected to succeed him chickened out and was expelled from the Movement; an apologetic letter from him appeared in an issue of the clandestine *El Rebelde* in April. (The current leader is thought to be Allende's nephew, Andrés Pascal Allende.) A number of ex-*miristas* have appeared on Chilean television to appeal to their comrades to turn themselves in. A considerably larger number have joined the ranks of DINA's full-time agents or regular informers. With the help of the Argentine security services, DINA has been successful in following the activities of *miristas* in Buenos Aires and in intercepting much of the money and arms that the Argentine Trotskyist terrorist group, the ERP, has tried to smuggle into Chile. (The money has been used, ironically, to supplement DINA's contingency funds.)

The methods used against the MIR, however, have been none too delicate, and a great episode that might be described as "the case of the missing *miristas*" has drawn attention to them. Last July, a list of sixty young *miristas* was published in an obscure Buenos Aires magazine called *Lea*; they were said to have butchered each other in gang warfare in various places outside Chile, including Argentina, Colombia, Mexico, and France. Later that month, a similar list—of 59 *miristas* who had allegedly been killed in clashes with the Argentine security forces in Salta province—was published in an equally obscure publication called *O Dia*, described in the Chilean press as the "oldest journal of Curitiba, Brazil." No one could explain how these unheard-of magazines could have secured two complete, and accurate, lists of names (not just *noms de guerre* or partial names); and it subsequently transpired that *Lea* and *O Dia* were one-shot publications, presumably set up to float a story that would serve either as a coverup for killings *inside* Chile or as the first stage in a subtle disinformation exercise by someone who wanted to discredit the junta.

These suspicions were given substance by a confidential report put out by the *Comite para la Paz en Chile*, dated July 29. The committee is an ecumenical church group which concerns itself with the plight of political prisoners and tries to supply legal aid. It includes Marxists, and I cannot vouch for the authenticity of all its documentation, But its dossier on the case of the missing *miristas* is impressively detailed. It claims that 119 had been reported to the committee as having disappeared or been arrested *in* Chile between March 1974 and February 1975. It noted that, in 77 of the cases, witnesses had sworn under oath that they had been present when the arrests took place and that, in 115 of the cases, the families had lodged an appeal for habeas corpus before the appeals court. In four of the 119 cases, government officials were said to have formally acknowledged that an arrest had taken place.

What seems irrefutable—in the light of this dossier and of my own conversations with some of the families concerned—is that some, if not all, of the missing *miristas* vanished in Chile. My suspicion that subsequent newspaper reports may have been part of a clumsy attempt at a coverup were reinforced by the private doubts of a number of senior military men and government advisors. Several of them attribute the operation point-blank to the DINA. If it was a coverup, it could have the useful effect of bringing about the sacking of the officials responsible and a major restructuring of Chile's security services. Whether it was a coverup or a black propaganda job, two questions remain to be answered. What happened to the missing *miristas*, and where are the bodies? And: When is the junta going to subject its own security services to adequate legal and administrative curbs? I shall return to this second question in a moment.

But first: DINA and the Christian Democrats. Once the terrorist threat has been contained, the Christian Democratic Party (in the reasoning of sources close to Pinochet) is the

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prime political threat to the junta. It is a party that can be all things to all men: its left wing is open to infiltration and "colonization" by the Communists, while its right wing is a reassuring hold-all for conservative dissidents. A left-wing Christian Democrat like Bernardo Leighton can set himself up in Rome, with a staff of sixty Chilean exiles, to promote united front tactics, while party activists close to ex-President Eduardo Frei try to convert army generals in Santiago to the need for far-reaching changes within the new system. The upshot is that DINA has been harrying the Christian Democrats, trailing party organizers, fingering union activists, and reporting in its secret bulletins on party intrigues within the civil servce.

You don't have to swallow all those horror stories from Chile to realize the dangers of a situation in which the jurisdiction of the civil courts extends only to common criminals

Christian Democratic leaders, including former President Frei—a man of translucent honesty and humanity whom I respect greatly—are naturally embittered by the assault that is being made against their movement. They contributed, along with the conservative Right and the no-party men, to the overthrow of Allende, and they rightly feel that they have earned a place in the new system. One of the prime political blunders of the regime has been to fail to seek an accommodation with Frei, who has so far confined his protests to a reasoned critique of the economic program but could be driven to the kind of public outburst that would result in his departure from the country—like Karamanlis protesting the heavy hand of the Greek colonels. (Frei is being constantly pressed to do this by Cardinal Silva Henríquez, who was identified with the Left even in Allende's day.) But the most unsettling allegation made by the Christian Democrats is that, in their haste to clip the wings of the Party, DINA and its allies are being conned by the Communists. A leading Christian Democrat claims, for example, that of 242 party activists in the Chuquicamata copper mine, only 11 are left. The local Christian Democratic organization had been decimated as a result of accusations made by local Communists, *whose organization remained untouched.* This is a serious allegation, if true, especially when you recall the pitched battles that were fought between Christian Democrats and Communists in Allende's time.

It leads me on to that third, and apparently largely untouched, target: the Communist Party. One of the most disturbing moments for me, in my latest visit to Santiago, occurred when a very senior official admitted that his service did not know the names of all the members of the central committee of the Communist Party inside Chile. I will of course allow for the probability that a great deal more is known about what the Communists are up to than is admitted, even to such an unregenerate anti-Marxist as myself. But there is no question in my mind that, if the Christian Democrats control the most broad-based political movement in Chile, the (banned) Communist Party is by far the best organized and potentially dangerous. The kind of instructions that the Party sends out to its activists is illuminating. The advice is: Dress correctly, wear your hair short, work harder than everyone else in your office, arrive early, and leave late. The CD has its hatches battened down, and is determined to ride out the storm. The Communists are trying to move into the territory the Christian Democrats are losing in the trade unions as a result of recent arrests and sackings, while continuing to infiltrate the Christian Democratic Party itself. They appear to be operating an imaginative low-level espionage apparatus; for example, there was a recent Communist takeover inside the newsboys' union, the *Gremio de Suplementarios*, membership in which provides a perfect pretext for strolling into anyone's front yard. The Communist network inside the armed forces is thought to have been largely, but not wholly, cleaned out as a result of the thoroughgoing purges that followed the coup. But cells are still active, and recently a group of air force NCOs was photographed by the SIFA in a clandestine meeting with Communist leaders. The DINA, by all accounts, has still to test its teeth on the Communist Party.

There is no space here to examine all the recent accounts of repression in Chile. I would simply like to make three general observations. The first is that the total number of political prisoners and detainees in Chile is currently about 5,000—a high figure for a small country, but hardly spectacular by comparison with many other places. The second is that serious attempts have been made in some of the security services (notably the naval intelligence service, or SINA) to curb the sadists and torturers who habitually flourish in a legal vacuum. Military personnel have been sacked, and a number of officers are in jail on charges of manslaughter. I am certainly not claiming that the abuses have stopped, or that the internal disciplinary mechanisms are adequate guarantees of decent behavior. Third, the legal vacuum persists, within the framework of the state of siege that is still in force, and has brought with it a climate of generalized fear and mutual suspicion that hangs heavy over Santiago—a climate in which even very senior officers fear that their phones are tapped, their movements watched, and that the waiter in the private dining room may be a DINA spy. (I know of at least one case where a prominent general, well to the right of most people reading this magazine, found that this was actually the case.)

Let me define the legal position, as it was explained to me by José-Maria Eyzaguirre, the new president of the supreme court, a deeply learned advocate of the rule of law who was one of the first to point a sharp, accusing finger at the unconstitutional behavior of the Allende regime. Under Article 74 of Chile's stern Military Code (which dates, in its present form, back to 1925) the commander-in-chief has absolute discretion, in time of war, to control the military courts. It is under this law that President Pinochet is empowered to order the imprisonment or indefinite detention of any Chilean citizen who is believed to be a security risk. However, under Article 86 of the Chilean constitution, the supreme court has the duty to supervise "all the courts in the nation" and some jurists—including Don José-Maria himself—maintain that this responsibility extends to the military courts. When the matter was put to a vote among the members of the supreme court, a majority decided to accept the present situation—a situation in which there are

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no effective legal safeguards against the abuse of executive power.

You don't have to swallow all those horror stories from Chile to realize the dangers of a situation in which the jurisdiction of the civil courts extends only to common criminals. There is a continuing internal security threat in Chile; on the admission of the security services, only 40 per cent of the weapons believed to be in the hands of left-wing groups at the time of the coup have been captured. But there is no reason for thinking—as some military men in Chile seem to think—that this threat can only be countered by suppressing the legal rights of the individual. If Chile is to evolve a *civilized* authoritarian system (more of that in a moment), the first requirement is a return to legality, which will mean, in particular, a) recognition of habeas corpus, and b) recognition of the right to appeal against executive decisions.

Some steps have been taken recently to reduce the excessive autonomy of the security services. The most important of these was the publication of a new decree-law (number 1009) last May that requires the authorities to notify the family of a suspect within 48 hours of his arrest, and either to set him at liberty or hand him over to the courts—or the Ministry of Interior—within five days. This is a beginning, but scarcely more than that.

Another area of controversy is the management of the economy. You may get the feeling that the Pinochet regime is an "ad-hoc-racy" in a number of ways, hastily improvising as it stumbles along. This does not apply to the economic program, which is handled by the now-celebrated team of "Chicago boys" who started working out how to rebuild the economy almost a year before Allende was overthrown. The remarkable thing is that they have converted the military to their views on monetary policy and the free market system. Their efforts to roll back the frontiers of state intervention and to tackle the root sources of inflation are both courageous and instructive for the outside world.

Critics of the Chicago boys say they still haven't stopped inflation. Perfectly true: but the *monthly* rate for July (9.5 per cent, which certainly sounds spectacular to us) was less than a third of the monthly rate for January, and current trends suggest that it will have fallen to 5 per cent or less before the end of the year. Unemployment is terrible, they say. Perfectly true again: the current rate in greater Santiago is over 16 per cent. The government pays a *salario mínimo*, assigning men to light work on largely unnecessary public works projects (in the belief that it is less demoralizing to give men *something* to do than to leave them at home on the dole), but it is hardly enough to feed a family. Private business has suffered, and figures produced by the private industrialists' association, SOFOFA, show that the overall index of industrial production fell by more than 15 per cent over the 12 months that ended in March. In some sectors, such as construction, it fell by much more. Big textile firms like Sumar have closed down, and there is a rash of small bankruptcies.

So Milton Friedman and his disciples—in the view of superficial observers—have a good deal to answer for. But let's put the figures in context. Chile has not been the world's greatest economic success story over the past two years, but neither was Brazil for three or four years after the 1964 coup, and neither was Spain for more than two decades after Franco's victory in 1939. It takes time to rebuild. And Chile's fortunes have always been tied up with one very simple statistic: the price of copper (which provides four-fifths of its export earnings) on the world metal exchanges. The collapse of the copper price last year created an immense, and largely unpredicted, balance of payments problem for Chile. If copper reaches an average price of 70 cents next year, Chile's payments problems (in the view of Finance Minister Jorge Cauas) will be over.

Dependence on copper is Chile's natural inheritance, the indelible mark of Cain on a small underdeveloped country without the domestic market, the technology, or the resources to sustain a large manufacturing industry. To this situation was added the political legacy of Allende, who parodied the widespread assumptions that government spending is a universal panacea, that exaggerated expectations can be satisfied by printing money, and that state ownership is morally preferable to wicked private enterprise. The result was Weimar-style hyper-inflation, the highest degree of state intervention to be found anywhere outside the Communist bloc, and an Alice-in-Wonderland system of prices and wages that bore no relationship to real values—for example, a full sack of cement in Allende's Chile cost less than an *empty* sack would cost in the free market.

In the month after the coup (the period now remembered nostalgically by the economic planners as the "heroic days," the *días heroicos*), the new technocrats struck out ruthlessly to restore the sovereignty of market forces. The top priorities at this stage were a) a realistic exchange rate for the escudo, and b) the thawing-out of government-dictated price freezes, so that the market would determine relative prices and incentives to producers would be restored. The radical means that were adopted could not, in my opinion, have been applied by any government dependent on electoral support. They involved a 600 per cent devaluation of the escudo, and spectacular price increases for many basic commodities. In order to concentrate on restoring a rational relationship between prices and real values—and to plug Chile back into the world economy—the government deferred its assault on inflation: the

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cost-of-living index rose by about 83 per cent in October 1973.

The next phase, associated with Fernando Leniz' time in office as Minister of Economy (up till March this year), was a period of gradualism in which the government made progress toward some of its goals—reducing the size of the public sector, selling back state-run industries, building up a large capital market—without bringing down the overall rate of inflation. It was a period of disenchantment in many respects. Foreign investment failed to materialize; the growth rate was negligible; it was predicted that it would take at least five years, under Leniz, to get inflation down to an annual 20 to 30 per cent.

The assault on inflation was now described, in the words of Emilio Sanfuentes, as the "number one, number two, and number three priority"

What ensued was a minor revolution, a kind of coup-within-a-coup. Leniz was sacked; Jorge Cauas was made economic "superminister" as well as Minister of Finance; Milton Friedman came out to Santiago to advise on "shock treatment." The assault on inflation was now described, in the words of Emilio Sanfuentes, one of the most able of the Chicago boys, as the "number one, number two, and number three priority." The quantity of money in circulation was dramatically reduced by a machete-chop that is still bitterly disputed and that—more than any other economic measure taken—may serve to illustrate that it is no bad thing to have a strong government in an economic crisis. A large number of Chileans had been encouraged to put their money into inflation-proof bonds called *valores hipotecarios reajustables*, or VHRs. The money could be withdrawn within sixty days, and the bonds became immensely popular as people started to realize that there was no safer way of protecting the value of their cash; substantial fortunes could be made by investing and withdrawing funds at opportune moments. The bonds were managed by finance houses and loan associations, but much of the money was invested in long-term mortgages—posing the risk of financial embarrassment if people decided to withdraw their money all at once. One night in May, the government took the sneaky decision to freeze all the VHRs for a period of five years. Absolute secrecy was preserved, and many wheeler-dealers who had invested heavily in VHRs in the hope of making a quick killing before the rate of inflation started to plummet suddenly found themselves unable to withdraw their funds. There was a tremendous uproar about the whole affair, since many military men had also invested in VHRs. But the government stood firm. In one fell swoop, *it had removed from circulation about half the money in private hands*, and demonstrated its absolute determination to stop inflation.

As a result of this and less spectacular measures, there is now a visible fall in inflationary expectations in Chile. President Pinochet talked to me proudly, over breakfast in his suite in the Diego Portales building, of how the rate of interest offered by the finance houses had come down, in the space of a fortnight, from 22 per cent to 15 per cent. Perhaps the most important factor of all has been the return to sound housewifely management of the budget. The government decided last April to chop the size of the budget by 15 per cent (in escudos) or 25 per cent (in foreign currency). And it is sticking to that decision, despite the predictable rearguard *jacqueries* being fought by bureaucratic vested interests. The whopping budget deficits of the Allende period are actually being transformed, this year, into a modest surplus.

So far, so good. But it all has its price. I think of the Cauas counter-inflation policy as the performance of a pilot trying to dip under a dense fog, bringing the plane closer and closer to the ground in order to regain vision—at the risk of not having enough space to pull out of his perilous dive. The so-far unstated hope of Cauas and his colleagues is clearly that, before the end of the year, they will be sufficiently in control of inflation to risk an expansion of credit in order to rescue private businesses and moderate the effects of the harsh economic recession that has now set in. It is a difficult and perilous maneuver, but not a gamble, since there is really no rational alternative to what they are trying to do apart from a reversion to the Marxist siege economy.

The reawakening of foreign interest in the Chilean market, as inflation begins to ease off, is encouraging, although the figure for foreign investment since the coup is still only $190 million. But as important as the foreign investors (among whom the conservative Arab states may shortly figure) is the creation of a new class of Chilean entrepreneurs. Easier said than done in a situation where private businessmen have been accustomed to creating their profits over lunch with a minister who can juggle a tariff or two or arrange an export credit. But the government planning agency (run by the immensely genial and original Roberto Kelly) has some exciting ideas for what might best be described as "popular capitalism," starting with the competitive deployment of pension funds and with government credits for ex-civil servants prepared to go into private businesses and cooperatives. No one pretends that it will be easy, and with so many people going short, it is hard to be optimistic about the prospects for Chile's new-style capitalism in the near future. There are men in the armed forces who are far from enthused about it. But all in all, it is a brave attempt that deserves more understanding—and active support—from what remains of the capitalist world.

MAYBE Pinochet would have found it easier to win friends and influence people abroad if he had copied the Brazilians, who set about creating a collective military dictatorship after 1964 while shouting back over their shoulders that they intended to return to the party system as soon as practicable. Again, these soldiers, whose enemies tell us they are "fascists," red in tooth and claw, have suffered for their ingenuousness more than their crimes. But serious errors have been made, and the regime has become isolated from many of its original civilian supporters—and from rival currents of political thought. This poses dangers.

The group that matters in Chilean politics has narrowed enormously since September 1973. The junta began, for

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one thing, as a collective military dictatorship. Pinochet was acknowledged as *primus inter pares*, but only as a courtesy to the army, the most powerful of the armed services. Since then, of course, Pinochet has asserted his personal supremacy and has revealed a quite unexpected authority and *taste* for authority. He is not the most intellectual of the members of the junta (that distinction must be reserved for the air force's general Gustavo Leigh), but he is certainly the most forceful, and he has created a whole new apparatus to reinforce his power. Its key components are the military *Comité Asesor*, headed by General Labarca, the DINA, and the looser group of civilian advisors (the *franquistas*, as they have come to be nicknamed) among whom Jaime Guzman, the dedicated young Catholic corporatist, is preeminent.

The balance among the armed services is preserved within the cabinet, where jobs are still assigned according to a tacit quota system, but here the simmering rivalry between the navy and the army is most exposed. The navy, which was the driving force behind the coup and started out with a clear ascendancy within the government —encompassing the overall control of economic policy, plus the Ministries of Defense and Foreign Affairs—has been steadily driven back. The future of the present Foreign Minister, Admiral Patricio Carvajal, an honorable and likable man, but a singularly undynamic minister, is now in doubt. (A much doughtier figure is Admiral Arturo Troncoso, who is making a mark as Minister of Education by his system of loans for university students—on a sliding scale that varies from zero for sociology students to the full cost of education for engineers.)

But all in all, it is a brave attempt that deserves more understanding—and active support—from what remains of the capitalist world

The rivalries within the military establishment cannot be interpreted, by and large, as *policy* battles. There is skepticism about the economic program among some middle-ranking officers, but General Pinochet has given it his imprimatur, and his authority is now uncontested within the high command. Nor are there signs that the old political parties have much influence over military thinking. The Christian Democrats, for example, are often said to have important friends in the army, but many of the senior officers of my acquaintance tend to echo the views of the general who told me, with brutal simplicity, that "there are two ways to get to Moscow. One is the direct route. The other goes via Rome."

Such statements begin to suggest the huge ravine that has opened up between the junta and the old-style political leaders of Chile—with the exception of some figures from the National Party. The gulf may be dangerously wide, in the sense that the regime has become intellectually isolated and closed to criticism, and in the more specific sense that it cannot afford an all-out conflict with the Christian Democrats. The overweening influence of a tiny conventicle of civilian advisors of a *franquista* tendency that sometimes verges on the theocratic is disturbing—and yet, in the present climate, it goes almost unchallenged. People like Jaime Guzman (a brilliant young intellectual who I have known and liked since his days as a student activist in the battle against Allende) now represent, and call for, a kind of total commitment to the system and an equally total rejection of "alien" ideas that is fundamentally at odds with the *laissez-passer* traditions of Chilean society. If they had their way, they would be likely to turn Chile into an introverted, absolutist society where morality and education were determined by the state and its priestly advisors —a kind of Paraguay.

For Chile, a highly sophisticated country whose prime asset has always been the creative quality of its peoples, the pursuit of such goals reflects a very stunted ambition. And the suppression of the free interchange of ideas is equally un-Chilean. I found myself stressing repeatedly during my recent visit what for me is a basic truism: the weakness of the liberal democracies is that their leaders do not make the basic distinction between subversion (which cannot be tolerated) and dissent (which must be tolerated), but the weakness of an authoritarian society may be precisely the same—except that, this time, dissenters are hounded as subversives. The loss of a capacity for self-criticism is the beginning of social stagnation.

Chile must devise a system that will allow more liberty and creativity than the present one. It would be a tragedy if the end result of the revolution against Marxism in Chile turned out to be just another military dictatorship based purely on bayonets. Chile is living through another transitional phase, whose outcome is far from clear and will depend on many factors over which the Chileans themselves do not have control—the world price of copper, the intentions of the Cubans and the Russians, the support (or lack of it) from the United States. I am fairly confident of the junta's capacity to win through even if the international situation deteriorates further. Remember Franco's post-1945 isolation and the economic stagnation of Spain through those difficult postwar years when the UN would not acknowledge its existence: yet Franco is still there, and Spain has become a rich country. But I am less confident about the construction of a *civilized* political system in Chile unless there is an urgent reappraisal of the country's institutions and the possible models for a new constitution. However, if that reappraisal is made, it is possible that we will have a great deal to learn from the future experience of the Chileans in devising a "post-disaster system."

General Pinochet told me that he has come to see Chile's future political system as a "neo-democracy," which would appear to mean a system of representative government *without political parties*. The president would be elected. The legislature would be elected from a list of candidates selected—by an appointed caucus—on the basis of their "qualifications." How their qualifications would be determined remains unclear. It is possible that General Pinochet is inching toward a conception similar to Brian Crozier's idea of a "profession of politics" that would admit particularly distinguished men from various defined occupational categories. If this is the idea, it will clearly not appeal to Chile's civilian politicians, above all the

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Christian Democrats. Still, there is no escaping the dilemma that I stated briefly earlier: after all that has happened, with the feelings of hatred and revenge that have been generated, and with the painful process of economic reconstruction that has to be undergone, you cannot bring back the system that was destroyed just by waving a magic wand. And if you can't do that, it becomes indispensable to map out a political system (provisional or permanent) that will allow scope for public participation in decision-making and for peaceful political change in the absence of the party system.

The weakness of the liberal democracies is that their leaders do not make the basic distinction between subversion (which cannot be tolerated) and dissent (which must be tolerated)

What course is Chile likely to take now? It may be useful to sketch out half a dozen possible scenarios, in ascending order of probability. They are by no means mutually exclusive. Scenario #2 could lead on to scenario #1; scenario #6 could be wedded to scenario #5.

1. *The revolution script.* This is very hard to devise, since there is no serious military threat to the regime inside Chile—although armed leftist groups could play an important role in the event of an external attack, possibly by Peru. The Communist Party's strategy is based on stealthy penetration of the administration, the Church, the Christian Democratic Party—and the armed forces. Its long-range success, however, would appear to hinge on the demoralization of the armed forces and their voluntary withdrawal from power rather than on armed insurrection.

2. *The "Argentine" scenario.* It is always possible that the Chilean armed forces, finally convinced of their incapacity to cope with the country's economic and social problems and under intense pressure from the U.S. and the UN, will one day decide to retire to the barracks—as General Lanusse retired in Argentina in 1973, or as Ibáñez retired in Chile in 1930 (as the distinguished editor of *El Mercurio* reminded his readers in a remarkable article the other day). Such a decision could also be influenced by revulsion against the brutal techniques of a section of the security forces (as in Greece). Chilean politicians hopeful that this scenario will come to pass point to straws in the wind, like the fact that officers are more reluctant to appear in uniform in the streets now than they were in the heady days after the coup, when they were being hailed as saviors. The current state of semi-civil war in Argentina, however, has not escaped the attention of the Chilean military, and the fear that something similar might result in Chile (necessitating, in the end, a new period of military intervention) is likely to discourage them from bowing out in the near future. (The Argentine armed forces, according to my Buenos Aires informants, have a plan to assume power again for an initial period of six years.)

3. *The "U.S. Embassy" scenario* appears to be that, perhaps not long from now, a predominantly Christian Democratic cabinet might be sworn in—still within the framework of authoritarian rule, but essentially as a first step toward returning to constitutional rule. I do not consider this likely to occur, at any rate not in that way, and any efforts of outsiders to flourish big sticks over the heads of the men in the Diego Portales building will make it less, rather than more, likely to happen.

4. *The "Peruvian" scenario.* Under this scenario, continued economic recession will finally induce the statists in the army to abandon the present experiment in market economics and go over to a Peruvian-type economic nationalism, possibly within the framework of a corporatist constitution. The regime would continue to be strongly anti-Communist, but would now win the applause of economic nationalists throughout the Third World—possibly to the extent of getting some aid and investment from Venezuela, Libya, etc.

5. *The new model.* It is possible (and devoutly to be wished) that out of all this hardship and sacrifice, Chile will give birth to a new model of representative government in the absence—at least for the time being—of the party system. It is not for me to suggest, in this context, the lines that might be followed, but there are many prominent men within the regime who are aware of the need to establish a stable institutional framework and to bring about a return to the rule of law.

6. *The "Franco" scenario.* Perhaps the likeliest development of all is that Pinochet will increasingly come to appear as Chile's Franco, an initially colorless soldier who displayed unexpected political shrewdness and succeeded in establishing a personal dictatorship which could later be justified on the pragmatic grounds that it brought economic prosperity and political stability. I cannot pretend to be very cheerful about either this prospect in its naked form or the prospect of permanent military rule in Chile. The armed forces are not a school for government.

YET THE whole tendency since September 1973 has been toward increased, rather than diminished, military involvement in the details of administration—with middle-ranking officers moving into state-owned corporations and the middle echelons of the civil service. (Recently Orlando Saenz, a brilliant, outspoken, and *necessary* critic of the government's economic program, was sacked from his job as president of the big brewery chain, Cervecerías Unidas, and replaced by a certain Colonel Danús.) Under these circumstances, the taste for power is likely to become institutionalized throughout the whole gamut of the armed forces.

However, I still hope that the Chileans, a lively, adventurous, and essentially *European* people, will be able to use this opportunity to do something more than consolidate another routine military dictatorship. As I drove through the cold, shabby streets of Santiago on my eighth visit to Chile, I found myself staring hard at that grubby little town that has not a single memorable building (apart from a couple of colonial churches) and asking myself: Why does this country matter so much to me? Isn't it just another small, developing, Third World country that is going to end up with a political system no better or worse than all the rest? The answer came back at once: Chile is not like that at all, because of the vivacity of its people and their receptiveness to new ideas. There is a stamina and a capacity for invention there that I still believe will carry Chile through its present troubles and into a better era. □

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CAMPAIGN '76

The Libertarians: Nothing If Not Consistent

JAMES JACKSON KILPATRICK

THE LIBERTARIAN PARTY held its quadrennial national convention at the Statler Hilton in New York from August 28 through September 1. The Party nominated Roger MacBride of Charlottesville, Virginia as its presidential standard bearer, and named David Bergland of Newport Beach, California as his running mate.

As a manifestation of political realities, the convention might better have convened in the forest of Arden. In any list of probable winners in 1976, Mr. MacBride ranks 62 points behind none of the above. The Libertarians suffer from an ailment rarely encountered among the organized parties of our body politic. Their trouble is not hypocrisy, nor ambiguity, nor opportunism, nor incompetence. It cannot be said that their platform is too narrow, for indeed the platform contains planks that are calculated, in some fashion, to repel almost everyone. Their trouble is purity. It is practically unbearable.

Robert Osborn, the gifted caricaturist, once remarked that "If a new work of art is really good, you can hardly stand to have it around." The excellence overpowers; the message challenges; the perception demands attention. The Libertarians proclaim themselves "the Party of principle," and pure principle, consistent principle, is like having quail for breakfast every morning. It is more than most of us can take. The Libertarians are gluttons for the stuff. Consistency is their favorite dish; they cannot get enough of it. In politics, pure uncompromising principle is Banquo's ghost. You can hardly stand to have it around.

This year's Libertarian convention listed a roll call of 487 delegates and alternates from 38 states and the District of Columbia. About two thirds of them, more or less, showed up for the plenary sessions. Like most political conventions, this one offered buttons and bumper stickers for sale. Their legends bore a strange device: "Anarchy!" said one button. "I Just Want To Be Free," asserted another. There were buttons that said, "I Am Not a Natural Resource," "Taxation Is Theft," and "In Gold We Trust." Virtually none of the buttons promoted a candidate by name. Just as they rise above reality, so the Libertarians rise above personality.

A HANDFUL of jaded correspondents, accustomed to the comic book literacy of the great national parties, found the Libertarians' library unsettling. The book stalls dealt in heavyweights only: von Mises, Hazlitt, Hayek, Rand; books on atheism, books on the Constitution, the annotated Federalist Papers. The pamphlets had come from the same refineries. This was high octane gas. One wondered, irreverently, what the Libertarian reads on the john. Dietze on Property, perhaps.

Except for the buttons and bumper stickers, and the usual milling around, the convention bore small resemblance to other national party conventions. The typical Democratic consistory offers balloons, bunting, booze, and free beer in the railway lounge. The Libertarians had none of these. The typical convention has a band to liven things up. The Libertarians, with a net worth of $39,877.49, had no money to waste on frivolity. Under the rules, the national parties cannot proceed without color guards, Girl Scouts, and a pledge of allegiance to the flag. The Libertarians dispensed with all this. They are without sham, these sons and daughters of principle. It is required of Republican and Democratic conventions that the daily sessions begin with the National Anthem, led seriatim by an over-the-hill soprano, a black soul singer, and a national committee woman who once sang light opera in Des Moines. The Libertarians heard the National Anthem not at all. It is further required, whenever a national party convenes, that it be prayed over. It is an altogether salutary thought. The invocations must be delivered, in turn, by a cardinal, a rabbi, and a Three Seed in the Spirit Predestinarian Baptist (or by two total immersion Methodists in lieu thereof), and no prayer may have a duration of less than six minutes. The late cardinal from Boston once prayed over the unregenerate Democrats for 22 minutes, 17 seconds. A veteran correspondent from the *Chicago Daily News*, seeing the cardinal approach the rostrum, slipped from the hall, changed his attire, played two sets of tennis, and returned just as the reverend gentleman was concluding. No proper national convention can otherwise commence. But the Libertarians sought divine guidance, if at all, in their own way and on their own time.

There were other heresies to be observed at this unconventional convention. In their disdain for the rubrics of such affairs, the Libertarians plainly spurn quotas. The Democrats, as is well known, feed upon quotas. Even the Republicans are nibbling at the notion. It is the dog food theory of representation: protein, 9.0 per cent; blacks, 14.7 per cent; fiber, 1.5 per cent; women, 49.2 per cent; phosphorus, 0.25 per cent; Indians, 1.7 per cent. On such nutritious compounds is politics sustained. The Libertarians have no part of it. One of their delegates, a young woman from Alaska, was black; all the rest were white. Except for a handful of greybeards, among them Professor Murray Rothbard and Dr. John Hospers, the delegates were mostly from 25 to 35. Voting rights were so constructed that Nevada's delegation was larger than Iowa's. Among the Nevada delegates, incidentally, was a gentleman by the name of James Libertarian Burns.

Finally, mention should be made of platform procedures. Within the two major parties, the inviolable custom is for the platform to be drafted well in advance by a Committee on Redundancies and Ambiguities. This committee's work is then further refined by a Committee on Ambivalent Construction. The resulting mush is served to

(Continues on page 1129)

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On Toying With Desecration

THROUGHOUT this country, there are currently in litigation some fifty cases of what the *New York Times* euphemistically called "church-state conflicts." But on close examination of each case, one finds less bona fide conflict than a consistent, vociferous, active, and very decided minority bent upon eliminating any act of religion or worship or religious symbolism from the communal fabric of our national life. For this minority, the Church is not an authentic part of the public forum; and the machinery of litigation has proved a powerful weapon in its crusade.

Now a new chord has been struck in this dissonance. That minority has found an odd ally. On the basis of published reports and the statements of William A. Stringfellow, lawyer and lay Episcopal theologian, it is safe (but not pleasant) to anticipate a 51st case of "church-state conflict" in the civil courts. At least one if not more of the women who wish to become ordained priests of the Episcopal Church is expected to bring civil suit against Church authorities, claiming that any refusal to admit them to priesthood is a violation of their civil rights and an act of sex discrimination. The priestly candidates intend to secure their ordination and establish the validity of their priesthood by court order. And this time, it is not public prayer or religious symbolism or the moral content of school texts that is at stake. It is the central religious action, the sacral core of Christianity that is to be submitted to the litigious mind for authentication.

Before any of the candidates authorizes civil suit in her name, and before Mr. Stringfellow pirouettes on the points of legal logic in front of a justice of the peace in this new and dangerous act of religious anti-theater, everyone involved should try to make himself aware of what is *not* at stake.

Not at stake are: the feelings, ambitions, talents, femininity, sex, civil rights, inner spiritual growth, individual histories, wills, beliefs, or personal convictions of a divine "calling"—even though all these have been claimed as the bases of their "right" to priesthood by the women already "ordained" and by those intent upon ordination. Priesthood is not a mere function, a legal authorization, a "calling," a reward, a profession. Nobody has a right to it; and no power on earth could concede such a right. Desire is not part of an equation whose solution is ordination.

Priesthood is a sacrament obtained by privilege. Nobody is ever worthy of it. Nobody can simply choose and, by reason of that personal choice, automatically become a priest. Many can choose to offer themselves as candidates for the priesthood. But only the Church, and only for theological reasons and by its own autonomous authority, can confer it. External force can in the end have nothing valid to do with it. The conferring is a matter of will—the will of the ordaining bishop, the will of the Church, and primarily the will of Jesus. When conferred validly, priesthood pervades the whole spiritual being of the ordained with a dimension of existence that can never be eliminated.

WHOEVER tampers with the sacrament of priesthood for any but stringently theological reasons, tampers with God's Church and with the mystery of Jesus. They may do this for their allotted time. But God does not brook feckless fiddling with His mysteries. The would-be ordinands and their supporters, who, by the power of civil law, would force their bishops to accept women as priests, are toying with desecration. If the bishops and leaders yield to such pressure in matters of sacrament, they connive at that desecration.

What has happened lately in the Episcopal Church is not primarily the error of the women who want to be ordained. Many who should know better—the bishops who "ordained" some or who purpose to ordain others, the applauding clergy and laity—all have behaved as if seeking social justice for farm workers or the elimination of child labor. And people better fitted theologically have failed to advance one theological reason to support the ordination of women. They offer only reasons from sociology, anthropology, female liberation, sexuality, psychology, evolution, behavioral sciences, and, yes, politics. And they know the difference.

In this matter, the Episcopal Bishop of New York, the Right Reverend Paul Moore, provides an egregious example of how agreeable theosophy can be bad theology. Male priesthood started, wrote the Bishop, because of a young male Jew (Jesus) and a prior patriarchal society (Jews). But God, being all things, is both masculine and feminine, he added. And the priesthood must express all that is in God. So let's have females as priests. Of course, this is not theology at all; it is bad philosophy and senseless logic. We might as well argue that human priesthood started because of one young human (Jesus) and a prior human society (*homo sapiens*); but God, being all things, is human and animal.

Episcopal leaders and churchmen are aware—let them be reminded here in fraternal warning—that at this juncture, if they do admit women to the priesthood under civil court order or otherwise, they will have drastically reduced if not killed the possibility of a working unity (much more so of genuine unity) with the Roman Catholic and the Eastern Orthodox Communions within the substance of Jesus' Church, to which the Episcopal Church has hitherto belonged. For, not only will they have fathered a new splintering of their own unity, they will have unholily touched that precious substance.

What is at stake, as all Christian churchmen must realize, in the matter of priestly ordination is the mystery of Jesus' sacrifice for all men, and His will that His sacrifice be perpetually presented to humankind everywhere by those validly appointed in His name by the sovereign authority of His Church.

The men who will make the decision on this question for the Episcopal Church deserve the prayers of all. In history, bigger men than they have rarely had such a fateful decision laid at their door. □

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Arts & Manners

The GIMLET EYE

D. KEITH MANO

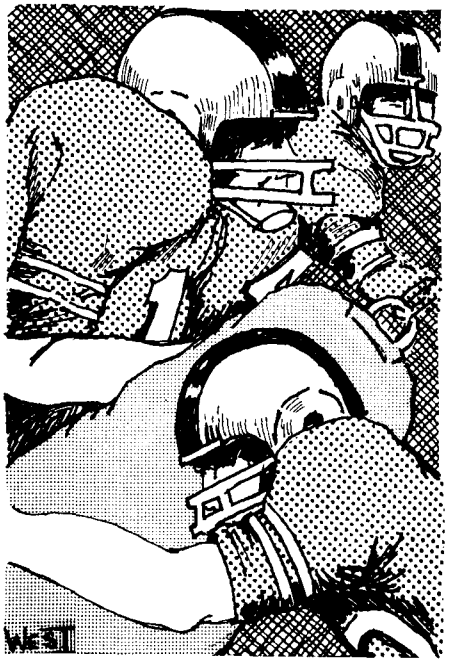
The Barf Squad

Let your eyes close. "Aaaaaah! ssssh. Aaaaaah! ssssh." It might be surf breaking. Row after row, again and again, they run forty yards full out at Camp Columbia: tackles, guards, tackles; tackles, centers, guards; offensive backs; linebackers; defensive backs. This is the awful time, windsprint time. Some scream while they run, getting a jump on their own agony. Nostrils sear with inbreath; throat linings come apart. When I was a kid they called pre-season training the barf squad: each day three or four of us would throw up all over our face masks. Now they stagger off, too busy with pain in the lungs to care about coordination in the feet. You stand clear: they exude a virulent, moist warmth. It fingers you, claustrophobic, visible almost as the heat waves that dance across a tenement roof in July.

Uniforms sag over wire clothesline between morning and late afternoon practice. Sweat clots on fabric in the August breeze. Tape wreckage all around: a gross or more of ankles wrapped twice per day. Ah, the tedium of it. Here and there you come across plaster mouthpiece molds, lower jaw fossils from some glass-chinned civilization. They go well with the empty helmet crania. It's so quiet you can hear a hamstring stiffen up. Columbia's camp is in northern Connecticut where there's no night life and the only native manufacture seems to be pre-colonial history. The five-dozen-odd football players sprawl on grass or sleep in dorms; a few, ruthless with their energy, play horseshoes.

Out of uniform they appear small, years younger: the vulnerable nymph stage of a giant hardshelled insect. They have faces that don't jibe with 43 or 77 or 52; y'can't tell your players with a program. Below, the field has an Andy Warhol touch to it: geometrical items, bright, primary-colored. Oblong dummies. Square padded shields. The relentless and unsympathetic blocking sled. These mute things have opposed them for days. Tomorrow, first time, they will hit each other. Boredom has been carefully structured: they want it. Nothing personal, they want to hurt someone.

Football is sound, in the larynx and in the hands. Grown men must yell—not only, say, to orient each other on pass defense, but to commit their minds. The rhythmic clap-clap (hands), pop-pop (knee-pads) is a communion. These are Ivy Leaguers, one-third of the 1974 freshman team made Dean's List, they have no trouble memorizing patterns and assignments. They have trouble yelling. Football requires a willful step-down: from Western civilization to the tribe. Yells, unashamed, signal that. It's not so different from a religious moment: "enthusiasm" in the theological sense, "being possessed by a god." Passion here, locker room horseplay there; fervor and the dull repetitions. Think of it: pre-med, pre-lawyer shouting. They may never shout again in their lives.



They dance now at afternoon practice: gargantuan frugs and twists to no music. Then belly-flop. Then into a lotus position. Then wrench your partner, lift him by the feet, by the helmet: they look like apprentice chiropractors. A merciless blocking sled careens downfield, left, right, left, as the stamina and leg drive of one man scores on another. Offensive tackles riposte with padded shields. "Don't brother-in-law him. Pretend there's a camera in your behind and it's taking pictures of the quarterback as you give ground." In a game you watch the ball, quarterback, flanker going deep. But here it is: one offensive tackle whose right foot happens to be one inch out of line. As the defense charges, he will hit, hit, but on a third hit he'll lose balance, and quarterback, play, game, season might be sacked. Or: three halfbacks, each one-sixteenth of a second faster off the ball, each two inches shorter or taller. The quarterback has to give custom service, at the precise moment, at the precise belly height. But if you have two quarterbacks, three? Multiply variables, add the center snap, the weather, a dozen legs one inch this way or that up front. Detail and balance. In legs, in timing. Among 11 men. Balance, too, of mind and emotion.

CAMPBELL WATCHES: the balancer. His face has that hair-line poise, half animation, half deep privateness. Balance. Handsome as the young Cassavetes, nose broken just often enough, front teeth that are perfect, but so perfect you have to think there's a ringer or two somewhere. His grin is genuine, boyish, but it destroys gum: hit, hit, hit. Head coach Bill Campbell is 35, just the right age. He can babysit and befriend. He can still roughhouse. Yet, if you've ever played with a grown cat, you know the threshold that must not be passed. I remember Dryden's line, "Beware the anger of an honest man." Campbell's anger is terrible and efficient. He wears white sportshirt collars that flop over his Columbia blue: he must have dozens of them. And a baseball cap. Watch his cap; his players do. Now and then he'll swivel it around, catcher-style: a sign of pleasure, ease.

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His players try to read him, as they would the seams in a pass defense.

Campbell will win. Perhaps not this year, but the man can't be denied. He is dedicated to his players, as men, as kids, as students. Smart and organized and aboveboard, he can recruit players, fine coaches, even—an innovation—female ball boys. And there is controlled fury. You can hear it in his voice; his voice is a husk, ruined by yells. Campbell was captain of Columbia's one Ivy championship team. One anything: Columbia football has had four winning seasons in the last 27 years. Between practices Campbell runs himself windless with the assistant coaches. Tomorrow they, his players, will hit and he won't be able to. He must miss the clean tackle shock, a painless impact that fine-tunes October skies, makes vision, for one moment, clearer. He must envy them their tomorrow. □

DELECTATIONS

NIKA HAZELTON

Soup, Wonderful Soup

All four of these soups are easy to make yet interesting to eat. Nor are they expensive. Homemade soups invariably taste better than bought ones, however fancy, and there is also a deep satisfaction in stirring the soup pot—you know, the earthmother bit, sturdy brown breasts, wise eyes, and so on. Plenty of wines go well with soups. I very much like Marquisat, a red wine from Burgundy. It now comes in magnums at $7.98. There is also a white Marquisat, which is nice, but I think red is better with soups, along with bread and cheese.

YOGHURT SOUP

A thin, pale, and rather tart soup that goes well with a dinner of rich roast meats. Serve in cups.

6 cups beef consommé
2 cups plain yoghurt
1 tablespoon butter
1 tablespoon flour
Salt
Freshly ground pepper
2 tablespoons chopped fresh mint or 1 tablespoon dried mint, crumbled

Heat the consommé and stir in the yoghurt. Keep hot over lowest possible heat or over an asbestos plate. Do not boil or the soup will curdle. In another saucepan, heat the butter and stir in the flour. Cook, stirring constantly, about 2 minutes. Do not brown the mixture. Carefully stir the yoghurt-consommé into the flour. Bring quickly to the boiling point and, stirring all the time, boil up just once—no more. Check the seasoning and if necessary add a little salt and pepper. Just before serving, sprinkle with the mint. Makes 4 servings.

IMPROVED FRENCH ONION SOUP

½ cup butter
1 tablespoon salad oil
1 to 2 pounds onions, thinly sliced; how thin depends on whether a thicker or a thinner soup is desired
1 to 2 tablespoons flour
6 cups hot beef consommé
2 cups dry white wine or flat champagne
Salt
Freshly ground pepper
French bread, sliced
1 cup grated Parmesan cheese

Heat the butter and the oil in a soup kettle. Cook the onions over medium heat, stirring constantly, until they are soft and dark brown. Do not scorch. Stir the flour into the onions. Stir in the consommé and the wine. Season lightly with salt and pepper—the consommé may be salty and the Parmesan will be somewhat salty. Simmer, covered, over low heat for about 45 minutes to an hour. Stir occasionally. Place slices of French bread in a soup tureen or in individual soup bowls. Ladle the soup over the bread, which will rise to the surface. Sprinkle with the Parmesan. Heat in a preheated hot oven (425°) until the cheese is melted. Serve immediately. Makes 4 to 6 servings.

UKRAINIAN BORSCH

A main-dish soup. Follow it with salad and cheese, and perhaps a fruit pie or a piece of chocolate cake.

1½ pounds beef chuck, cut into 1½-inch slices
8 cups beef consommé
Salt
Freshly ground pepper
2 bay leaves
2 tablespoons butter
1 medium onion, minced
2 medium carrots, thinly sliced
3 medium raw beets, peeled and shredded
½ medium cabbage, shredded
¼ cup minced parsley
8-ounce can tomato sauce
1 to 2 tablespoons vinegar
2 medium potatoes, peeled and cubed
¼ cup peeled grated raw beets
Sour cream
2 tablespoons minced dill weed

Trim any fat and gristle off the meat. Place it in a soup kettle. Add the consommé, salt and pepper to taste (the consommé may be salty), and the bay leaves. Bring to the boiling point and lower the heat. Skim as needed. Cover and simmer for about 30 minutes. In another saucepan, heat the butter. Cook the onion, the carrots, the beets, the cabbage, and the parsley for 3 to 4 minutes, stirring constantly. Add the tomato sauce and the vinegar. Cover and simmer over low heat for about 10 minutes. Add to the consommé together with the potatoes. Simmer covered for about 45 minutes or until the meat is tender. Skim when needed. Stir in the beets to color the soup, and cook for 5 more minutes. Adjust the seasoning. Transfer the beef slices to a separate platter and serve separately. Serve the soup in bowls, each serving topped with 1 or 2 tablespoons of sour cream and a sprinkling of minced dill weed. Makes 4 to 6 servings.

AUSTRIAN BARLEY SOUP

This soup comes from Frau Richard Strauss, wife of the composer, whom my mother entertained in Milan while the temperamental Maestro conducted at La Scala. Use a well-flavored chicken or beef consommé.

3 tablespoons butter
½ cup medium barley
1 celery stalk, finely chopped
1 medium onion, minced
1 tablespoon flour
6 cups hot chicken or beef consommé
Salt
Freshly ground pepper
½ cup heavy cream or more to taste
½ to 1 cup thinly sliced mushrooms

In a deep saucepan, heat the butter. Cook the barley, the celery, and the onion in it for about 4 minutes, stirring constantly. Stir in the flour and add the consommé. Season with salt and pepper to taste. Simmer, covered, over very low heat for about 30 to 45 minutes or until the barley is tender. Just before serving, stir in the cream. (The soup may be made in advance and reheated. The cream, however, must not be cooked, but added at the last moment.) Add ½ to 1 cup thinly sliced mushrooms, which have been sautéed in 2 tablespoons butter, to the soup for the last 10 minutes. Makes 4 servings. □

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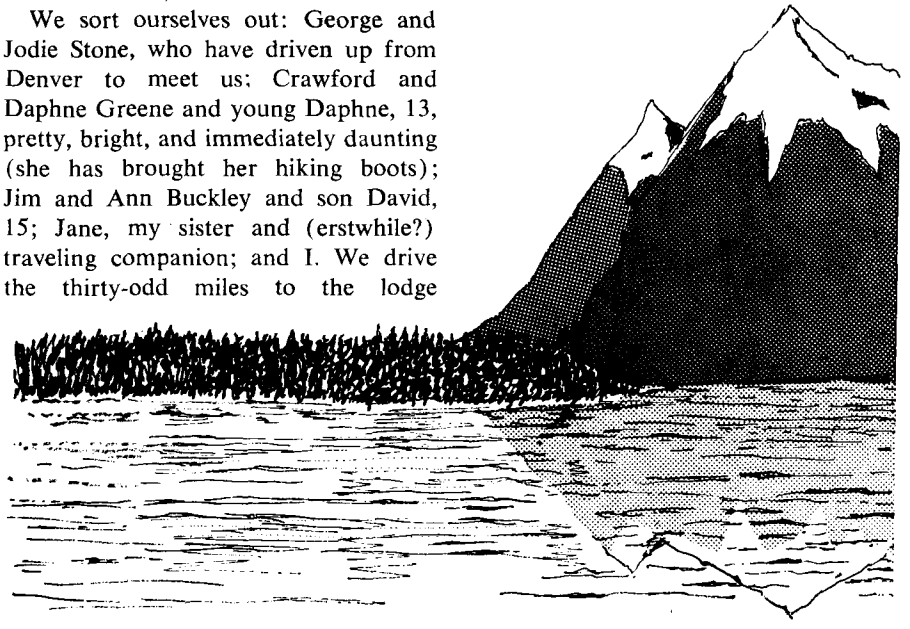
PLACES

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

Above the World So High

Your first feeling is unvoiced disappointment. You step off the plane at Jackson, Wyoming and look north at the Tetons. Against the bright unclouded sky of that Sunday afternoon they look like cardboard cutouts, a child's vision of jagged-edged Alps pasted against a blue felt sky, grey for the most part, with dirty-edged patches of snow that are the glaciers, remnants of the mighty ice-crushers that carved the peaks, gouged out the lakes, dumped millions of tons of sand, gravel, rock, and debris into the forty-mile long valley that the early fur traders called Jackson's Hole, after one of their own.

We sort ourselves out: George and Jodie Stone, who have driven up from Denver to meet us; Crawford and Daphne Greene and young Daphne, 13, pretty, bright, and immediately daunting (she has brought her hiking boots); Jim and Ann Buckley and son David, 15; Jane, my sister and (erstwhile?) traveling companion; and I. We drive the thirty-odd miles to the lodge through fields of sagebrush, punctuated here and there by buckrail fences and high ranch gates, the whole brought alive by a muted dusting of color, a carpet of wildflowers: blue, purple, pink, yellow, orange, crimson, flame red, the swatches of blue lupines setting off the more spectacular Indian paintbrush and scarlet fireweed.



The clouds are advancing on the mountains by the time we stow ourselves and our 82 pieces of luggage in and around the four-bedroom, two-bathroom lodge, and straggle out to the wide deck that runs the length of it. We're on Jackson Lake, looking directly across at broad, flat-topped Mt. Moran. A small speedboat draws an arrow diagonally through the waters, and the reflections of the mountain, so firmly etched a moment back, break up, stir, re-form, as the broad glacier, immovable in its rocky cradle on Mt. Moran, dances a sedate jig in the disturbed waters below. The skies darken, clouds walk their giant steps across the peaks which turn from grey to mauve to umber. The eye is drawn back by the shifting light into the canyons between the crests. The Tetons take on depth and weight.

THE DAY HAS STARTED in jolly fashion, which is to say not too early. Little Daphne is the last to appear and David informs her he will cook her breakfast. How does she want her eggs? His eyes, behind the enormous horn-rimmed glasses, are solemn, which to anyone who knows David well means trouble. Daphne, with the wariness of even a pretty 13-year-old, whose experience with the opposite sex has been more bruising than courtly, demurs. David insists and returns minutes later with puce-colored orange juice and scrambled eggs that are best described as vomit-green. He has been into the food coloring.

Most of us have opted for a two-hour ride ($8 each) around Jenny Lake to Hidden Falls. Wrangler Rodgers, tall, silent, but obviously not insensitive, intuits my lifelong history of incompatibility with horses. Why else does he mount the others on "Fire," "Jack," "Slim," "Haze," while giving me a leg up on—"Cream Puff"?

We skirt lazily around Jenny Lake, through acres of fallen lodgepole pines, victims of a fluke windstorm several years earlier, passing groups of hikers and backpackers who, *force majeure*, scramble up the sides of the hill to make way for us. It's a quarter-mile hike from the corral where we leave the horses to Hidden Falls, which cascades 250 feet down the mountainside in a thundering hurry to join Jenny Lake. We watch for a while, beyond and above it, where climbing schools are practicing rappelling. Some of the best climbing in America is in the Grand Tetons.

That evening we take the Scenic Float on the Snake River ($7.50 adults; $5.00 children). Our oarsman-guide propels us skillfully along while pointing out the sights: the tree where a pair of bald eagles nested, and then the bald eagle itself riding the wind currents above us. A family of Canadian geese pays us no mind as we glide past, but we scare up a flock of mergansers. Our guide points out two cow moose and their calves and, a little later on, right at the river's edge, three young bull moose. Twin spotted mule-deer fawns watch us warily. We see where the beaver have toppled trees into the swift-moving stream—the current is a strong seven or eight miles an hour—and note a couple of beaver houses.

IT'S PAST eight when we pull ashore below Menor's Ferry, and it's cold. The warmth went out of the sun an hour or more back and the air, rising from the river, is chilly. We head for the Chuckwagon at Moose, hard by the two teepees, where, for five bucks a head, you are invited to fill your plate from steaming black iron pots resting on hot coals. It's sturdy, tasty country fare: potatoes first, then gravy, beans, short ribs, boiled beef, cole slaw, bread, hot coffee, and, from the nearby Spur Ranch Bar, a half-gallon of good California mountain red. We eat as if famished and, driving home, watch the orange-red glow of the long-departed sun fade behind the jagged parapets of stone to a dusty pink, a grey-blue, and then night. Clouds move in, blanking out the mountains, and the rains pour down. When we awake the next morning it will be to find a light dusting of snow on the crests.

One day we take the aerial tram to

(Continues on page 1131)

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BOOKS

Capitalism Made Interesting

The Incredible Bread Machine
By Susan Love Brown et al.
World Research, 192 pp., $1.95

JEFFREY HART

The appearance of a lucid and frequently witty exposition of the case for the free market constitutes a welcome intellectual event. But when that exposition goes into a fourth printing in its first year and achieves a circulation of 100,000 and climbing, then we are dealing not only with an intellectual event but with a politico-cultural event of considerable importance.

I would like to submit myself as a test case. Generally speaking, I am all in favor of the free market. The various socialist alternatives seem grey and leaden, as well as derisory in their material accomplishments. But capitalism, for me, is like South America. I will do almost anything to avoid reading about it. As Irving Kristol argued in an important essay called "When Virtue Loses All Her Loveliness," the case for capitalism may be perfectly correct in its own terms, but it usually seems spiritually and emotionally impoverished.

Surprisingly enough, *The Incredible Bread Machine* displays on virtually every page a sense not only of intellectual adventure but also of what I would call spiritual insurgency. Nietzsche liked to say that he philosophized "with a hammer"; and part of the excitement of Nietzsche is the sound of those big hollow plaster idols collapsing. Quite a few big ones collapse in this book too.

AGAIN, surprisingly enough, *The Incredible Bread Machine* was a group effort, its authors six young researchers and writers at a sort of think tank in San Diego. But the book is a seamless whole, and the customary signs of group authorship nowhere appear.

The argument is easily stated: government intervention in the economic process is almost always baneful in its effects, no matter how well intentioned.

The book begins with a brilliant short rejoinder to Matthew Josephson's *The Robber Barons*, an enormously influential book that appeared in 1934, the title of which has passed into the language and given even those who have never read it the correct impression that they have grasped its thesis. A robber baron was a tycoon who ravaged the Republic until restrained rather late in the game by the beneficent hand of government.

Humbug, replies *The Incredible Bread Machine*. The most notable predators gained their opportunities precisely through collusion with government. But there were other great capitalists, who operated in the free market, and they in fact served the nation well even as they themselves profited. Consider some of the predators.

The most notorious railroad scandals arose out of government-sanctioned monopolies. The famous Crédit Mobilier, for example, was a uniquely conceived "construction" company owned by those who controlled the Union Pacific Railroad. The railroad itself received huge government subsidies. Through the Crédit Mobilier, the men controlling the railroad subcontracted its construction to themselves, and it should not be surprising that the costs skyrocketed. In the case of the Erie Railroad, Jim Fisk, Jay Gould, and Daniel Drew, who have gone down in history as "the Erie ring," were undoubtedly scoundrels. But their fraudulent stock manipulations, at the expense of the railroad, were possible because they controlled the New York state legislature. The "Big Four" of the Central Pacific Railroad—Huntington, Stanford, Crocker, and Hopkins—similarly controlled the California legislature, and the Central Pacific, enjoying total monopoly, charged ruinously high rates. It became cheaper to ship a keg of nails around Cape Horn than to use the Central Pacific.

In contrast, Commodore Vanderbilt, James J. Hill, and others ran free-market railroad operations. Hill's Great Northern Railway System, which extended from Chicago to the Pacific Coast, was honestly run and profitable to the stockholders; it was operated without government subsidy and was more profitable than those that were.

The book moves on to other plaster icons, such as the claim that the boom-or-bust business cycle is due to unregulated capitalism. "This country's major depressions started in 1837, 1873, 1892, and 1929. In each case . . . the bust was preceded by several years of government-inspired inflation of one kind or another." Note: "Between June 1921, and June 1929, the nation's money supply . . . increased by a startling 62 per cent" through Federal Reserve Bank initiative.

Did Franklin Roosevelt's New Deal cure the Great Depression? "In a nine-month period in 1937 and 1938 industrial production dropped over 34 per cent. This was the sharpest break in the nation's history. . . . The New Deal had achieved a first: a depression within a depression. There were once again ten million unemployed."

OTHER ICONS come under the same skeptical gaze: labor monopolies, price controls, minimum wage laws, quota hiring, the welfare and Social Security systems. As a doleful example of dead-end socialism, it examines the recent history of Sri Lanka, the "liberated" name of once-prosperous Ceylon.

What the authors of this book have done is absorb the analyses and argu-

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ments of such free-market theorists as Friedman, von Mises, Hayek, Roëpke, Rogge, Hazlitt, and others less well known. They have then applied these to contemporary issues in a lucid and popular way that is not in the least condescending. The book can be read by an intelligent high school student, or by a college student, with profit. This reviewer learned a great deal too. *The Incredible Bread Machine* is like a fresh, clear stream and it washes away the buncombe. □

The Education of Lev Navrozov
By Lev Navrozov
Harper's Magazine Press, 628 pp., $12.95

EDUCATION TO TOTAL DISSENT

WALTER CONNOR

For Lev Navrozov, born after Lenin's death, and a "product" of the new society from his youth in a genteel family packed into one room of a crowded communal apartment to his relatively affluent maturity in his *dacha* outside Moscow, the USSR is a madhouse. And, tragically, the madhouse is not simply the work of historical "forces," but the product of a set of accidents capitalized on by Lenin, who knew what he wanted, and Stalin, who knew how to get more of it.

Russia between 1861 (when Alexander II liberated the serfs, initiated some judicial reforms, and began to lay the groundwork for a revitalization of local government) and 1917 was a nation "on the move," and the direction, as Navrozov—along with many Western historians, and a growing number of Soviet dissidents—sees it, was that of constitutional monarchy. It drew closer and closer to the possibility of stabilizing such an arrangement in the years before World War I, moving swiftly compared to its Western predecessors, but fitfully, since it is no simple matter to develop a "civic psychology" among a population overwhelmingly peasant in lifeways and thought. The war came too soon—perhaps by only ten years. Instead of tottering through the war weakened but intact, Russia-in-transition fell, to be replaced by an autocracy quite beyond the worst fears of the proletariat, which realized too late that Lenin "could do any harm imaginable to any of them, they no harm to him."

And thus it has been ever since, with Lenin's successors. Navrozov sees the Soviet Union as a "serf-caste" society. The holes in the Czarist system have all been plugged. One is born into, and lives, in castes—occupational, territorial. One may move up, or down, but only as the center decrees. Some high-caste, "ranking" serfs enjoy many perquisites (the scientist, the *littérateur* you meet on a trip to Moscow), most serfs very few (the collective farmer you never see because he lives somewhere in that majority of Soviet territory closed to foreigners for the last 54 years). Such a system is compatible with a certain amount of social mobility, but one's gains are always conditional, and can always be withdrawn.

An emancipated serf of 1861, turned entrepreneur, might with energy have made a modest fortune in trade before the turn of the century, and been secure in his property. The contemporary agrarian serf *can* move up (with sponsorship) but only into another serf-caste, and he can always be sent back to the bottom. The reasons for avoiding the bottom are manifold, and in this lies the regime's power, as the sole manipulator and bestower of rewards. Some observers, seeking equality above all else, might be willing to approve "revolutionary serfdom" if it meant equality: some, indeed, have assumed that it does. But serfdom too is a structure of near-infinite gradations, a baroque system of inequalities, as someone at the bottom, like the old woman sweeping the Moscow sidewalk with a twig broom, knows very well.

Navrozov's *Education*, personal and idiosyncratic as it is, exemplifies a recent trend in dissident critiques of the Soviet system—total rejection. (In fact, Navrozov left the Soviet Union in 1972.) While some dissenters still cry for a return to "Leninism," Navrozov and an increasing number expose that "ism" as the first, "imperfect" phase on the road toward Stalinism. Socialism, whose basic economic rationale many dissenters accept, fares little better. If there are few Soviet citizens any longer who recall the relative abundance of food and other necessities during the period of the New Economic Policy (1921-1928), Lenin's "strategic retreat" that permitted private enterprise in small trade and agriculture while retaining state control of the "commanding heights" of the economy, Navrozov does his best to remind them. After all, it took roughly the thirty years of Soviet history that correspond with the first thirty of *his* life for the "command economy" to reproduce the 1928 standard of living.

This volume, covering the years 1928-1934, is the first of seven; but it is also a complete work in itself, as much a panoramic view of the Soviet state as an autobiography.

It is a bitter book—its reception in the West will probably be quite mixed. A predominantly liberal American readership will find nothing striking in a condemnation of Stalin—but an equally excoriating treatment of Lenin? And of socialism? In another day, had an *American* written such a book, it would have been dismissed as Neanderthal right-wing stuff. One wonders whether the emotion Navrozov poured into these pages will meet with a commensurately sympathetic understanding among his readers. □

The Rise of Guardian Democracy: The Supreme Court's Role in Voting Rights Disputes, 1845-1969
By Ward E. Y. Elliott
Harvard, 391 pp., $15

WHETHER YOU WANT IT OR NOT

WALTER BERNS

I do not know the number of elected public officials in the United States. The total would include 435 congressmen, 100 senators, and 538 presidential electors; a larger number of state officials, executive and legislative; a very much larger number in the more than

Walter Connor *is a member of the sociology department at the University of Michigan. . . .* **Walter Berns** *is a member of the political economy department at the University of Toronto. . . .* **Robert W. Merry** *is on the staff of the* National Observer. *. . . Book reviews are indexed in* Book Review Index.

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RANDOM NOTES

■ JUST OUT: Sidney Hook still cherishes his Marxism-with-a-human-face in *Revolution, Reform and Social Justice* (NYU, $13.75). . . . Some essays on regulation by economist George J. Stigler: *The Citizen and the State* (Chicago, $10.95). . . . To Richard Reeves, he's only *A Ford, Not a Lincoln* (Harcourt, $8.95). The same house offers *Findings and Keepings, 1914-1936* by Lewis Mumford ($15) and *My Father, Bertrand Russell* by Katharine Tait ($8.95). . . . *Sixty Photographs* by Alfred A. Knopf is published by, surprise, Alfred A. Knopf ($10/$5.95). . . . The family chose Christopher Sykes to portray his old friend *Evelyn Waugh* (Little, Brown, $12.50). . . . All from American Heritage, all $8.95 till January 1, then $10: *Daily Life in Ancient Rome* by Lionel Casson, *Daily Life in Ancient Egypt* by Lionel Casson, *Daily Life in the Renaissance* by Charles L. Mee, *Daily Life in the Middle Ages* by Clara and Richard Winston, *Daily Life in Victorian England* by Christopher Hibbert.

■ Small wonder David E. Powell's *Anti-religious Propaganda in the Soviet Union* packs so much heft (MIT, $25). . . . *Curtain* will be Poirot's last, insists Agatha Christie (Dodd, Mead, $7.95). . . . Guy Lombardo's autobiography, *Auld Acquaintance*, will be out in plenty of time for New Year's Eve (Doubleday, $8.95). The same house has a memoir by *Tennessee Williams* ($8.95). . . . Tolkien translations from Middle England, in one volume: *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight, Pearl, and Orfeo* (Houghton, $6.95). . . . J. B. Priestley looks back on some of his *Particular Pleasures*, largely aesthetic (Stein & Day, $16.95). . . . Maybe George V. Higgins' novelist's eye will redeem his Watergate rehash, *The Friends of Richard Nixon* (Little, Brown, $10.95). . . . *The Hard Years* is a batch of Eugene McCarthy essays (Viking, $8.95).

■ PAPERBACKS: Two from Stein & Day: J. A. S. Grenville's *The Major International Treaties 1914-1973* ($8.95) and Noel Barber's *Seven Days of Freedom: The Hungarian Uprising* ($2.95). . . . Two Auden anthologies from Vintage: *Collected Shorter Poems, 1927-1957* and *Collected Longer Poems* ($3.95 each). . . . Pocket now out with Jim Bishop's revealing study of *FDR's Last Year* ($2.45). . . . Peter Cardozo had a good idea, put together *The Whole Kids Catalogue* of freebies, things to make, things to do (Bantam, $5.95). . . . Thackeray's *Memoirs of Barry Lyndon, Esq.* is re-issued by Penguin ($2.50) in time to tie in with the forthcoming Stanley Kubrick-Ryan O'Neal flick. . . . A new biographical study: *The Mysterious World of Agatha Christie* by Jeffrey Feinman (Award, $1.75). . . . Taylor Caldwell's *Glory and the Lightning* is an historical novel about the Age of Pericles (Fawcett, $1.95).

80,000 local government units—cities, counties, townships, school boards, water and sewer districts, and the like; and, finally, the not inconsiderable number of delegates to the various political party conventions, county, state and national, and the elective officials of those parties. The total number of officials elected by the people of the United States must approximate the total population of the United States at the time of the Founding. But not all the people of the United States vote, or are eligible to vote, or are permitted to vote, or have their votes counted, or have their votes equally weighted, although, with the passage of time and as the result of a good deal of effort, the number actually qualified and permitted to vote has grown at a greater rate than the total population.

Property and literacy qualifications are a thing of the past; racial and sexual disqualifications were abolished by the Fifteenth and Nineteenth Amendments, and poll taxes by the Twenty-Fourth Amendment; the Twenty-Sixth Amendment extended the vote to 18-year-olds; federal laws have put an end to much of the intimidation and administrative discrimination that formerly prevented Negroes from voting in parts of the South, and even to some of the familiar fraudulent practices engaged in—without respect to race, color or previous condition of servitude—by local election officials. Then in 1962 the Supreme Court fired the first shot in what has been called the Reapportionment Revolution, the ostensible purpose of which was the creation of election districts containing an approximately equal number of voters. Professor Elliott, in this excellent study, reviews the early history of the expansion of the electorate but focuses on the reapportionment decisions, and their progeny, and what might be called the right of the Court to make them.

The expansion of the eligible electorate was originally accomplished not by courts but by the representative institutions, and usually for strictly partisan reasons. Even before the Civil War the trend was toward manhood suffrage, which required the abandonment of religious and property qualifications, but this trend was modified by the desire to avoid the enfranchisement of blacks and immigrants. The national government had nothing to do with this because the original Constitution left the suffrage question to the states; the federal courts had nothing to do with it for the same reason, and also because of the inability of plaintiffs of that day to get standing to file lawsuits. The post-Civil War Amendments to the Constitution changed this: the Fifteenth Amendment was adopted mainly to enfranchise Northern blacks who would be likely to vote Republican, but, of course, it could be used, and was occasionally used by the courts, to protect black voting rights in the South as well; the first section of the Fourteenth Amendment, as Elliott shows, was intended to have nothing to do with voting rights, but, in its Equal Protection clause, it provided the basis on which the modern advocates of reapportionment have been granted standing in the federal courts. It is with these advocates, the bearers of what Elliott calls the Guardian Ethic, that this book is primarily concerned.

BY Guardians he means the elitist, action-minded intellectuals who are not politicians and claim to be nonpartisan in their advocacy, representing the public interest or the common cause, and who, despite or perhaps because of this, constitute one of the Supreme Court's favored constituencies today. This description does not fit all the active supporters or advocates of court-ordered reapportionment, but it characterizes the most enthusiastic among them.

Rebuffed by, because they are outnumbered in, the representative institutions, they tend to be litigants rather than party men or lobbyists, filing suits in courts instead of promising electoral and financial support in the legislatures. They are city dwellers and began by promising that the end of malapportionment would bring with it the end of the presumed rural domination of the state legislatures, the so-called "barnyard governments"; this in turn would strengthen the federal system, solve the "urban problem," and bring a new breed of man into state public life. The latter improvements have not yet manifested themselves, but malapportionment (ex-

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cept for gerrymandering) has fallen before the Fundamental Principle, which the Court found in the first section of the Fourteeth Amendment: one man, one vote; or, one man, one equally weighted vote.

BEING MEN of principle, the Guardians would impose this rule wherever it might apply and without regard to the political consequences or even the expressed wishes of the people. As one of them put it, "Citizens should be given the blessings of equality whether they want them or not." The voters of Colorado did not want them; in fact, an overwhelming majority of them in every county in the state did not want them; but no matter. They might have agreed with Chief Justice Warren that "people, not trees and acres, vote," but being political—and properly so—they thought that the common good of the state might very well be advanced by taking disproportionate account of the "trees and acres" in the organization of at least one branch of the legislature. But this was contrary to the Principle; the mere idea of it offended the Guardians' aesthetic sensibilities.

Of course, an unqualified attachment to the Fundamental Principle would require a reapportionment of every legislative body in the land, federal as well as state: one man, one equally weighted vote leads inexorably to proportional representation, because the weighing of votes can only mean the weighing of what is won by those votes, which is to say, the interests represented by the legislators elected by those votes. For some reason—perhaps because the judges still remember what happened under "pr" in the Weimar Republic and Fourth Republic France, or perhaps because they think "pr" is an idea whose time has not yet come—the Court has not pushed this logic to its limits, which is a blessing of which we should not be unmindful. But nothing deterred the Guardians in control of the 1972 Democratic National Convention, whose story Elliott recounts in a fascinating chapter. On the basis of the Principle they called for and won the proportional representation of youth, women, minorities, and other formerly "disfranchised" groups; on the basis of the Principle they saw fit to include Jerry Rubin and Shirley MacLaine and to exclude Mayor Daley and his popularly elected delegation from the state of Illinois. For this the American people taught them a lesson, and it would be a national tragedy if, because of Watergate, a rejuvenated Democratic Party were to be allowed to forget that lesson.

Elliott's more immediate concern is with the anti-democratic, or at least counter-majoritarian, implications of the power used to bring about the Reapportionment Revolution. As he points out, the reapportionment decisions were hailed as a triumph for the Guardian Ethic, and he quotes A. A. Berle as saying, with approval, that the "ultimate legislative power in the United States has come to rest in the Supreme Court." The Guardians are exasperated by the failure of the representative institutions to do what the times are said to require, and they will have action; they will have it, in Berle's words, even at the risk of turning the Supreme Court into "a variety of benevolent dictator." Not the least of this book's many merits consists in its demonstration that we have more to fear from these putative Guardians than we have from the situation presumably left unattended by our representative institutions. □

Gentleman Boss: The Life of Chester Alan Arthur
By Thomas C. Reeves
Knopf, 500 pp., $15

A PRE-IMPERIAL PRESIDENT

ROBERT W. MERRY

Among the country's least memorable, least significant, least inspiring Presidents one must include Chester A. Arthur. And you might think any 500-page biography of the foppish New York pol who rode the spoils system and a madman's bullet into the White House would tell us more than we ever would want to know about the man. But this book actually tells us less.

It tells us plenty about that distant era called the Gilded Age, when the State Department's administrative and clerical employees numbered all of 51 and a U.S. President with a $100-million budget surplus complained of "the bane of an overflowing treasury." The book also sheds considerable light on the spoils system, the infamous political adhesive that generated so much controversy after the Civil War.

But it doesn't tell us enough about the character of Chester Arthur, who rose to prominence through the corrupt world of New York bossism. The question that haunts this volume is how a preacher's son imbued with a sense of Whig idealism should grow up to embrace the ways of such as Thurlow Weed and Roscoe Conkling.

THE QUESTION IS the more pressing because of Reeves's sympathetic portrayal of Arthur's Presidency, and Arthur's poignant deathbed lament that his political career hadn't been what he wished. The Presidency, says Reeves, sobered Arthur, inspiring him to rise above his past. Thus he became aloof from his old Stalwart cronies and shed the casual cynicism of earlier days. "He was a good President," writes the author, "at a period in our history when the American people neither expected nor sought great Presidents."

More than that, he was a dying President, afflicted with a fatal kidney ailment called Bright's disease. Yet, knowing he probably wouldn't survive his Presidency, Arthur managed to put up a brave façade despite recurrent pain, nausea, and mental depression.

In light of all that, you might wonder how Arthur stumbled into the Stalwart camp in the first place and how he rationalized his actions back when he was performing Conkling's questionable bidding at the New York Customhouse.

But the questions go unanswered; Reeves's book, though a competent job, tells us little about Arthur's character—his personal life, his more intimate and revealing thoughts and habits—especially during his controversial tenure as Customhouse collector and head of New York's Republican Party. It is an unfortunate gap because it is possible that those aspects of Arthur's life could tell us as much about the system that produced the 21st President as about the President himself.

That system almost undid Arthur, who was the subject of a bitter intra-party struggle between President Hayes, committed to civil service reform, and the flamboyant Senator Conkling, bent on retaining his robust patronage powers. The issue was the Customhouse,

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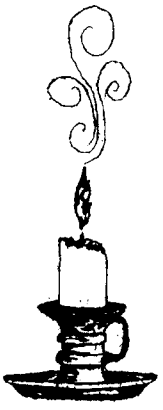
that vast source of jobs presided over by Arthur.

An investigation commissioned by Hayes revealed rampant inefficiency and corruption in Arthur's fiefdom, where 75 per cent of the country's customs receipts—amounting to $108 million in 1877—were collected. The investigators never proved Arthur committed any crimes, but they uncovered enough to convince Hayes he had to rid the Customhouse of its Conkling lackeys.

Over Conkling's parliamentary cunning and bombast, the President finally succeeded, and Arthur left the Customhouse a scandal-tinged symbol of the increasingly discredited spoils system. Conkling quickly found a job for the deposed customs chief in the state's GOP hierarchy, but the episode seriously reduced his stature.



And yet from there he ascended to the Vice Presidency (as part of James Garfield's overture to the New York machine) and eventually, after Garfield's violent end, gave a respectable accounting of himself as President. "There was no scandal to make us ashamed while he was in office," editorialized the *New York World* after Arthur's death, "and none to be ripped up when he went out of it. He earned and deserved the honest fame he possesses."

All of which suggests that Arthur may have been a decent enough fellow after all, but simply a product of his time—rather like, say, the typical bureaucratic empire builder of our own day who is the spiritual descendant of the Gilded Age spoilsman. That parallel, in fact, might be worth pursuing. But, whatever the outcome of such an analysis, it isn't likely to alter Arthur's place in history.

And neither is this biography, notwithstanding Reeves's portrayal of Arthur's rise from political disfavor to presidential respectability and his praise of Arthur's White House performance. The *New York World* was probably closer to the mark when it said Arthur deserved the honest fame he possessed. He still deserves the fame he possesses, which isn't much. □

FICTION

Sneaky People
By Thomas Berger
Simon & Schuster, 315 pp., $8.95

BERGER'S PLASTIC NOSTALGIA

RENE KUHN BRYANT

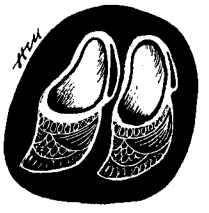
A French friend recently provided a report on the state of matters cultural there, which came to mind as I drifted across the shallows of Thomas Berger's novel, *Sneaky People*, one of the newer contributions to the New Nostalgia. According to my informant, so many archaeologically avid tourists had tramped, heavy-footed and hard-breathing, through the caves of Lascaux to peer at the ancient magnificence of the prehistoric wall paintings that the continuous vibration and accumulated carbon dioxide began to exert an alarmingly deleterious effect. With a fine flourish of Gallic decisiveness, the caves were thereupon sealed permanently to tourists and scholars alike. But not before sufficient photographs, measurements, and models had been made to enable the reproduction, in what my informant terms *une plastique*, of perfect replicas of the original paintings in a nearby cave. Assuming the loss of the printed record, one wonders what future archaeologists, sifting through the shards and bones of our civilization, will make of *that*. Since, however, there will be no survivors of our time to dispute their conclusions, they can be as fanciful and far-fetched as they like.

All of which is not as irrelevant to *Sneaky People* as might be supposed. This is a novel laid in small-town Midwestern America in the mid-1930s. Yet it is written with the altered sensibilities and in the style of the mid-Seventies, a style which permits a degree of license on the printed page that would have been inconceivable in a novel written about the mid-Thirties *in* the mid-Thirties. Thus, despite the attention lavished on period details—brand names, radio shows, and vanished mores alike—the net effect is *une plastique*, an imposture rather than a convincing reproduction of the life of the time. Counterfeits need to be even more carefully contrived than the real thing.

Nevertheless, *Sneaky People* is intermittently amusing and has what can only be described as a shapely plot, which chronicles the fate of an assortment of antic characters. That none of them is especially credible, either alone or in combination, does not matter if they are viewed strictly in relation to their function in the plot, which seems to be the way Mr. Berger views them.

The plot pivots on the efforts of Buddy Sandifer to arrange, as inconspicuously as possible, the murder of Naomi, his wife of some years' standing and the mother of his 15-year-old son, Ralph. Buddy is a moderately prosperous used-car dealer of no special charm or intelligence whose days are spent in trimming hapless customers and responding to the demands of an insatiable sexuality. The latter was accomplished with one-night stands until a few months before. But Naomi's elimination became essential once Buddy established Laverne, a one-time prostitute, as his full-time mistress. In Laverne he has found everything he missed in Naomi. But small-town manners being what they are in the mid-Thirties as Berger conceives them, murder is preferable to divorce.

A subplot involves Buddy's son, Ralph, and his initiation into the ways of adult sexuality. Various of the other characters are seen to be obsessed in greater or lesser degree with the same subject. Naomi, for example, who has been presented as a tiresome and featureless drab, has a secret, steady income as the pseudonymous author of a successful series of what used to be known as pornography when such nice distinctions were still being made.



And Buddy's chief salesman, Leo, a dull and dependable bachelor who keeps house for his mother and a parrot, is transformed after his mother's death into a footnote misplaced from Krafft-Ebing.

The whole of *Sneaky People*, in fact, reads as *Our Town* might have, had it been written by Henry Miller. But as Thornton Wilder or even John O'Hara knew, to name two extremes among contemporary chroniclers, in the genuine novels of the Thirties, sex was only one of the things people had on their minds.

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Mr. Berger's talents and style are exceptionally well-suited to reflect current life. When used to reproduce the features of an age so remote in standards from the present, however, they result in grotesque caricatures rather than penetrating portraiture. Since some of us need all the help we can get in fathoming our own times, let us hope Mr. Berger's next novel is set in the Seventies. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

CLIVE OF INDIA, *by Mark Bence-Jones (St. Martin's, 303 pp., $8.95).* Our heroes today are seldom or never empire-builders and imperialist soldiers; rather, social workers and political reformers. But once, young boys were brought up to admire men like Cecil Rhodes, "Chinese" Gordon, and Robert Clive. Other times, other tastes. Clive, roughly speaking (and he could be *very* rough), was to eighteenth-century India what Rhodes became for nineteenth-century southern Africa—a zestful expansionist and conscientious administrator, lacking the far-reaching historical vision of a Rhodes, but sharing his renown, his many political enemies, and his weak health. The achievement of Robert Clive was to establish British power definitely in the region of Calcutta and Bengal, apparently without anticipating the grandeur of Queen Victoria's *Raj*, which would stretch west to Bombay and the Khyber and south to the tip of the subcontinent. His victories (Plassey among them) doomed not only French hopes in India but eventually the power of the decadent princelings of a land that was Asia's answer to the ramshackle Holy Roman Empire. Clive's aggressiveness in the 1750s and '60s opened the road to India's only age of prosperity and sound government in centuries: the years of the British viceregal dominion in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries.

J. D. FUTCH

THE PSEUDO-SCIENCE OF B. F. SKINNER, *by Tibor R. Machan (Arlington House, 224 pp., $9.95).* Beyond freedom and dignity—to social engineering, the totally controlled environment, the maximalist state: such is Skinner's goal, and such is the target of Tibor Machan's weighty and persuasive book, a full-fledged attack on Skinner's "inadequate, unsupported [but well received], fanciful theory of man and human action." Dr. Machan ranges widely over 2,500 years of Western philosophy, and probes deeply into the full corpus of Dr. Skinner's theorizing, revealing the roots of both the determinist obsession and the humanist defense of freedom, exposing the inner contradictions in *Beyond Freedom and Dignity*, and issuing a ringing affirmation of individual freedom. The book's weaknesses are two: it sometimes is so dense, so packed with material beyond the ken of the general reader, that it frustrates; and it cuddles too snugly within the Objectivist mold: e.g., "The moral worth of a person is the degree of excellence he has reached by subjecting his life to the uniquely human control of rational thought and guidance"—pure Randianism —and we meet up with such gems as a listing of the "great thinkers . . . from Plato and Aristotle to Spencer and Rand." Those are minor weaknesses, however, and to them as take their cues from Our Lady Ayn Objectivist, not weaknesses at all. The bulk of the book is splendid: a devastating critique of a degrading philosophy; a very fine libertarian statement of values and principles.

DAVID BRUDNOY

I DON'T NEED YOU WHEN I'M RIGHT: The Confessions of a Washington PR Man, *by Vic Gold (Morrow, 218 pp., $6.95).* The title comes from an exchange between Earl Long and an aide. "I'm with you when you're right, Governor," said the aide, "but not when you're wrong." "You stupid sonofabitch," retorted Long. "I don't need you when I'm right." A Jew whose early experience in politics was in the Deep South, Vic Gold long ago developed an immunity to the kind of cant that a sometime boss of his, Spiro Agnew, dubbed "the post-Watergate morality." The result is a memoir that is both hilarious and disturbing. Do you laugh or cry, for instance, when you learn that your President used to be known among his frustrated speechwriters as "short-sentence Jerry"? The book is a feather-light, laugh-a-minute sort of thing, but no reader's view of politics can be quite the same afterward.

M. J. SOBRAN JR.

SOCIOBIOLOGY: THE NEW SYNTHESIS, *by Edward O. Wilson (Harvard, 697 pp., $20).* I found Professor Wilson's *The Insect Societies* a marvelous book (I reviewed it for *NR*, June 23, 1972), both for the solid and fascinating information provided and for the metaphors that could be extracted to illuminate all kinds of social organization. In *Sociobiology*, Wilson has not limited himself to insects. All kinds of animals, fish, fowl, and people are considered. Their social habits are described, and the adaptive significance of them is discussed. It is an ambitious attempt to show the biological foundations and functions of the social behavior of innumerable species. And quite successful. Once more Professor Wilson has gathered an immense amount of information in a small space and made it intelligible. For years to come this book will be the basic text for anyone interested in the biological foundations of society. I doubt that even a fellow specialist—and I am certainly not one—could competently discuss all the information gathered in his volume. It would take a committee of specialists. However, Professor Wilson never fails to provide the evidence and the necessary references. He is convincing, and I am quite willing to be guided by him. But I have a reservation this time. In the last chapter, "From Sociobiology to Sociology" (shouldn't it be "From Sociobiology to Biosociology"?) Professor Wilson attempts to apply biological knowledge directly to theories of human society. He fails. Indeed, the result reminds me of what a man who does not know much French would produce if he attempted to translate Marcel Proust by means of a dictionary. The chapter is embarrassing (and I think myself competent here); but it is one out of 27 chapters, and even in this chapter there is a lot of interesting material, however doubtful the interpretation. Come to think of it, here and there throughout the book Professor Wilson has not resisted the temptation to take his own striking similes too seriously. But this does not interfere with the immense amount of information provided and synthesized. We have much to be grateful for.

ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

ATHLETES FOR SALE, *by Kenneth Denlinger and Leonard Shapiro (Crowell, 262 pp., $6.95).* Two reporters on the payroll of the *Washington Post* have written "an investigation into America's greatest sports scandal—athletic recruiting." Sorry to let you down, scandal freaks, but Denlinger and Shapiro have a lot less to go on than Woodward and Bernstein. A large portion of the book covers the recruiting of two high school basketball stars of the Washington area, Bruce Buckley and Adrian Dantley. Unfortunately for the authors, Buckley and Dantley were treated honorably by the colleges and their recruiters; thus they were unable to provide any horror stories. Our authors, however, didn't give up. The rest of the book is padded with tales of slush funds and redundant stories about stars who never made it in college.

KEVIN LYNCH

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KILPATRICK

(Continued from page 1117)

the final Platform Committee under conditions that make committee amendment difficult and floor amendment almost impossible. At the Libertarian convention, by contrast, the floor resounded with amendments, which were followed by amendments to the amendments, which in turn were pursued by amendments to the amendments to the amendments, all of them accompanied by cries of "Point of order!"

In these several departures from political custom, the Libertarians were not being unpatriotic, irreverent, eccentric, or insensitive to the hearts and minds of minorities. They were being consistent. They were acting on principle. In one sense, at least, the Libertarians are sons of John Randolph of Roanoke. "I am an aristocrat," the Virginian once declared. "I love liberty, I hate equality." For their part, the Libertarians love freedom and hate compulsion. They would not, therefore, even implicitly require their own delegates to salute, sing, pledge, or be saved. As it turned out, they would not even respect their own presidential candidate's first choice of a vice presidential running mate. They are free spirits.

The convention's first general session opened with an address by Dr. Hospers, the Libertarians' candidate in 1972. He ran in tandem with Mrs. Tonie Nathan of Eugene, Oregon, a free-lance broadcast journalist and businesswoman. The ticket achieved a footnote in history when it got one electoral vote from Mr. MacBride, the party's 1976 candidate, who in 1972 was a Republican elector in Virginia.

Dr. Hospers—he is a PhD kind of doctor—is a long, slim, sandy fellow with thinning hair and dark horn-rimmed glasses; he came accoutered in an immaculate white suit, stitched in blue, and he gave the delegates a keynote speech filled with sound Libertarian doctrine. His theme was "Back to '76," by which he urged a return to certain ideals of the American Revolution, chiefly, a strict limitation on the powers of government.

At a subsequent press conference, he amplified his own views of a better society. He would do away with public schools, public highways, and public fire departments. In their place, he would have parents voluntarily arrange the education of their children; he would sell the highways to toll road companies that would charge for their use; and he would vest fire protection in the hands of insurance companies that would hire their own firemen. He would replace the public ownership of public utilities with private ownership. He would leave street lighting for each neighborhood to provide on its own. Public hospitals would yield to private institutions. He would abolish all state licensing requirements for doctors, lawyers, architects, surveyors, and other practitioners of learned professions. As for welfare, he would not force any person to contribute to the support of any other person; he would rely on private insurance and voluntary charities instead.

As Dr. Hospers was delivering these interesting proposals, Manny Klausner, a 36-year-old attorney from California, got into the auction. He doubled and redoubled the contract. Mr. Klausner would do away with national defense. If citizens wanted to get together and buy a few aircraft carriers, fine with him; but he wouldn't compel a pacifist to pay a nickel of the cost.

Dr. Hospers and Mr. Klausner arrived at their positions by different roads, but this is commonplace among Libertarians. Dr. Hospers was a solid

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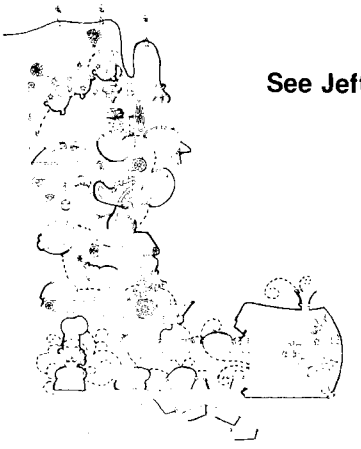

See Jeffrey Hart's review on Page 1123

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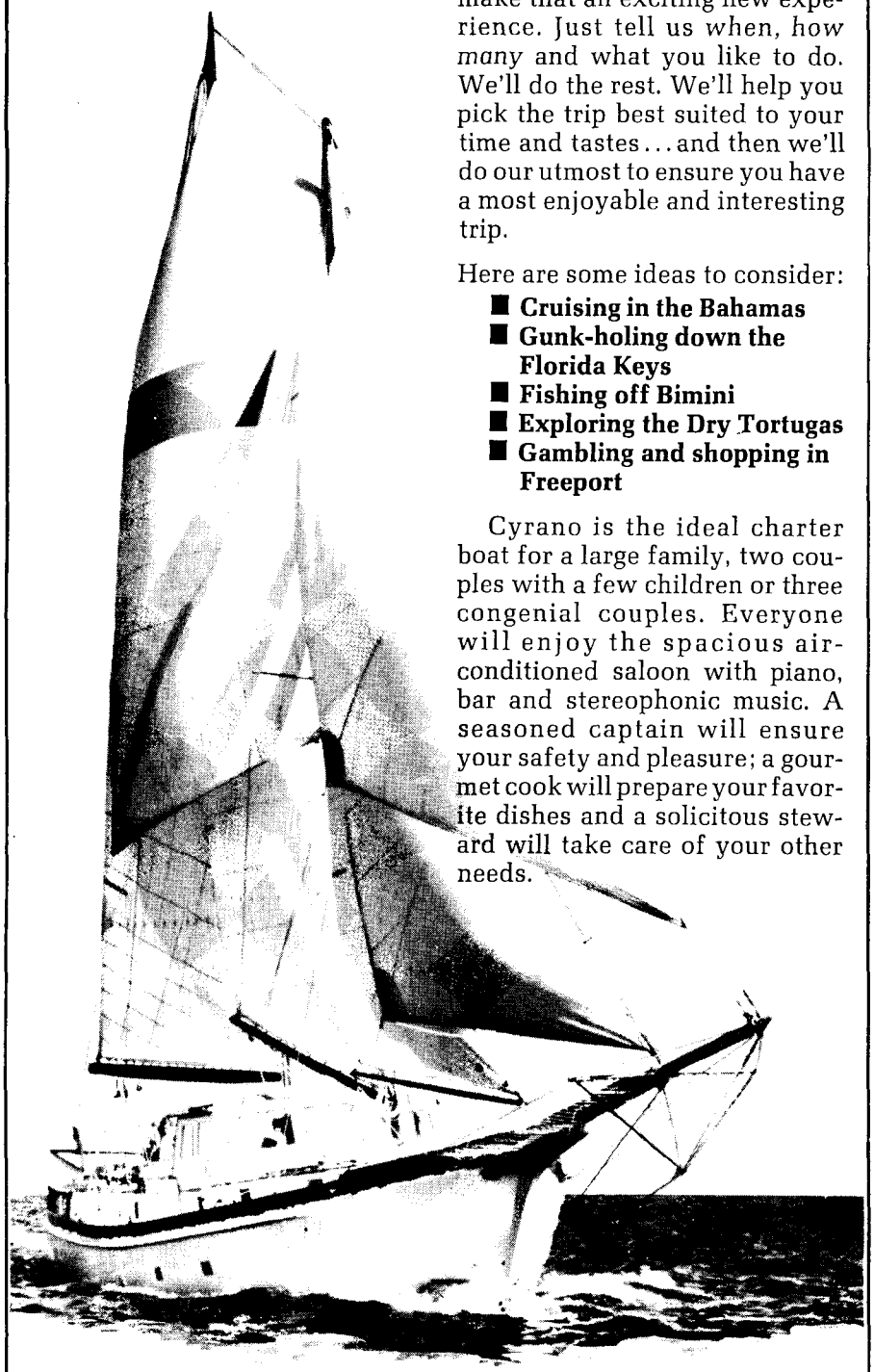

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Goldwater man in the campaign of 1964; later he became wholly disillusioned with the Republican Party. Mr. Klausner, by contrast, got into politics with the Peace and Freedom Party in California and worked for Eugene McCarthy in the campaign of 1968.

The Libertarian platform, hammered together during three days and nights of parliamentary labor, echoed this same consistent independence. The Libertarians cannot be located on conventional political maps. They are 12 miles to the right of Senator Paul Fannin and 22 miles to the left of Hubert Humphrey. One young delegate had an impulse to award the Libertarian nomination to Senator James L. Buckley of New York; he was persuaded to lie down until the impulse went away. The feeling seemed to be that, by Libertarian standards, Senator Buckley is a little on the pinko side.

The Party's platform opens with a Statement of Principles: "We, the members of the Libertarian Party, defend the rights of the individual and challenge the cult of the omnipotent state. We hold that all individuals have the right to exercise sole dominion over their own lives, and have the right to live in whatever manner they choose, so long as they do not forcibly interfere with the equal right of others to live in whatever manner they choose."

Consistent with that declaration, the platform takes positions that ordinarily would be classified as liberal. The Party asks repeal of all laws prohibiting the cultivation, sale, possession, or use of drugs; it proposes to abolish medical prescriptions for the purchase of drugs. All laws regarding consensual sexual relations, including prostitution and solicitation, would be repealed. The Libertarians would not tolerate any law interfering with the right to commit suicide. Neither would they tolerate the involuntary commitment or psychiatric treatment of persons thought to be mentally incompetent.

The platform is equally consistent in its pursuit of propositions generally thought to be conservative. Thus, because of their passionate dedication to property rights, the Libertarians are dead set against any form of gun control. They oppose all government control of energy pricing and production. They want a free market in oil, and for that matter, in everything else. All tariffs and quotas would be abolished; the postal service would be abandoned to private enterprise; no controls would

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be tolerated over wages, prices, rents, profits, production, and interest rates. The platform calls for the repeal of all legal tender laws and asserts the right to private ownership of gold.

The Libertarians oppose tax subsidies for anybody, for any reason. This goes for "business, labor, education, agriculture, science, broadcasting, the arts, or any other special interest." They oppose any resumption of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation "or any similar plan which would force the taxpayer to subsidize and sustain uneconomic corporate enterprise."

There is a good deal more to the platform, but the foregoing planks will suggest the general structure. The planks were nailed together, session after session, with an earnestness almost painful to behold. One of the first sections offered to the convention had to do with victimless crime. As it came from the platform committee, the section was clumsily cast. Up rose a gentleman with a comprehensive amendment in the nature of a substitute; he had rewritten the offending text in solid, muscular, well-organized prose. The original author, cut to the quick, said the convention shouldn't waste its time over mere matters of phraseology. That set off an uproar. Further amendments to the amendment rose and fell. The chair ruled on one disputed point. Someone appealed the ruling of the chair, and the chair was ringingly overruled.

Just as a vote was about to be ordered on the substitute amendment, a fly-in-the-ointment objector arose on a point of order: the author of the substitute was neither a delegate nor an alternate, and thus had no right to the floor. Zounds! It was true! The offending author, Frank Bubb of Richmond, Virginia, acknowledged that he was "just a party member," and retired to the spectators' section. But this salutary motion was not lost. An accredited delegate promptly offered the Bubb amendment, as amended, all over again, and it swept triumphantly to adoption.

One of the most prolonged hassles had to do with a proposed plank on property rights. It concluded with this sentence: "Where property, including land, has been taken from its rightful owners by government or private action in violation of individual rights, we favor reversion to the rightful owners." When it was observed from the floor, in mild astonishment, that the sentence appeared to advocate giving the country back to the Indians, the platform committee chairman acknowledged that such, indeed, was the intention. A consistent belief in the sanctity of property rights would allow no less. A bemused delegate wondered aloud how the Indians had acquired their title. Did Vikings have residuary rights? After thirty minutes of hot debate, including two suspensions of the rules, the pure pro-Indian faction lost to a faction only 99.9 per cent pure; and the word "restitution" was substituted for the word "reversion."

A visiting correspondent suggested to Mr. MacBride, the party candidate, that the platform seemed just a tad, ah, unrealistic. The candidate gravely conceded that this was so. But, he went on to say, the Libertarians are not as concerned with the feasible, the attainable, or the expedient as they are with the philosophically desirable. They want to provoke thought. They mean to challenge the conventional wisdom of both Right and Left, and to serve as a vehicle for protest votes.

Mr. MacBride is a pleasingly plump fellow in his late forties, an attorney, a former Fulbright fellow in constitutional law, a member of the Mont Pelerin Society, a TV producer, an amateur pilot, and a connoisseur of sour mash bourbon. As a disciple of Rose Wilder Lane, he is steeped in Libertarian doctrine. He takes this seriously, but he takes himself not too damned seriously. As far as the coming campaign year is concerned, he has fun and will travel.

And who knows? The Libertarians, after all, have something to appeal to Ramsey Clark, Lester Maddox, Jane Fonda, the National Rifle Association, and the Taxpayers Union. If their ticket could attract protest votes from gays, gun nuts, women's libbers, budget-balancers, gold bugs, organic gardeners, robber barons, potheads, redneck Southerners, draft dodgers, harmless lunatics, and all those who can't stand Ralph Nader, the Libertarians might surprise the experts. They've got a crazy coalition, but don't let anyone ever tell you politics is sane. □

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BUCKLEY

(Continued from page 1122)

the top of Rendezvous Mountain ($3.50), where they ski in the winter. Another day we hike around Jenny and Leigh Lakes (*we* consider it hiking, to our ranger friend it's walking). Ranger Joe points Mystic Island out to us, the Honeymoon Island of Owen Wister's *The Virginian* ("When you call me that, Mister, smile"); he shows us poisonous mushrooms (they're called "sickeners") and huckleberry bushes, and a thousand other things. He gives us the ranger's view of the problems of the National Parks and Wilderness Areas, and the prickly question of their utilization.

Some of us take the white water trip through Snake Canyon ($15 adults; $7.50 children). The water is low at this time of year, which makes for a relatively tame trip, and not too cold—in the upper 50°s—but all the same when Pat McCoy, our boatman, edges us sideways through a big rapid no one escapes the icy splash.

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(Continues on page 1133)

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BUCKLEY

(Continued from page 1131)

day and we're going to ride the river ourselves in our rented canoes—the Scenic Float route. Things have been getting a little dull so Jane, David, and I constitute ourselves an impromptu entertainment committee. The decision is thrust upon us, abruptly, when David in the stern and I in the bow, having watched a bull moose a fraction too long (and the river ahead a fraction too little) run smack into a gravel bank, capsize, and the three of us are swept against a big dead tree near a little island. A couple of hairy moments before I get my life jacket untangled from an underwater branch and twenty minutes or more before a shivering and water-logged Jane manages to scramble up on the tree on which David and I are already sitting, disconsolately, two bumps on a log. We wave desperately at a Scenic Float raft; they wave cheerily back and disappear down the opposite channel. A few minutes later a man and four boys in a medium-sized rubber raft maneuver up to our perch, pull us aboard, and deliver us to our friends on shore. It is remarked later, before the roaring fire at the lodge, that Jane and David and Priscilla have gone to the most extreme lengths yet to secure the first baths.

Young Daphne has set a fancy table for dinner; the paper napery is decoratively folded with a small bouquet of wildflowers at each place. We feast off George's charcoal-broiled chicken—his specialty—and big Daphne's fresh, tart huckleberry pie. We sit out on the deck a while, but the evening fireworks are muted tonight—like our mood. We pick out *our* mountains, the ones we've watched all week from the lodge—Mt. Moran, Ranger Mountain, Bivouack Peak, Eagle Rest's Peak; familiar friends all. We pick out the slope to the right of the Moran glacier that was closed off to the climbers once for five years, "to let nature do its work," as Joe had explained. There are 49 bodies there, bodies of missionaries whose plane had crashed in a fog, bodies that couldn't safely be brought down. We wonder how the climbers we met at Leigh Lake have made out. Did they make it to the top of Moran? Are they now safely down? The backpackers we saw on the ride around Jenny Lake have long since made their lonely camps; the hikers are back in their tents and mobile homes. Thirty thousand of us are sleeping somewhere in view of the Grand Tetons tonight. We're glad we're where we are, and sorry to be leaving tomorrow, going our separate ways. It has been a breath-taking experience. □

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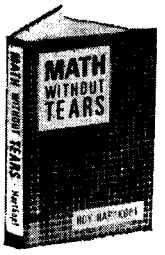

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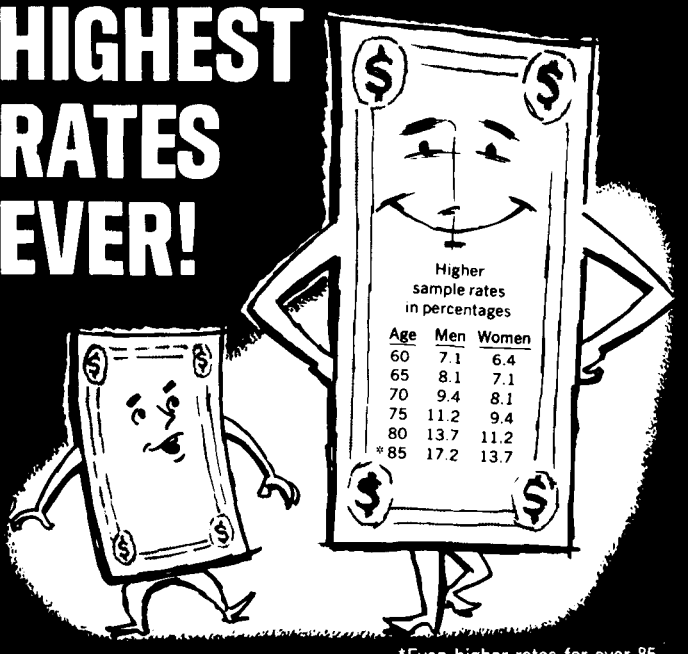

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

On The Right

Let the Joy be Unconfined

New York, Sept. 25—The combination of dignity, ebullience, and purpose shown by Daniel Patrick Moynihan at the United Nations is the nearest thing to a jolt of pleasure we have taken since the formation of the Tower of Babel. One associates the UN, in memory, as the place where American representatives regularly apologize for Thomas Jefferson's having owned slaves, which ends up being the direct cause of poverty in Liberia. And yet as the years went on it became clear that the United Nations would never be used, and probably never could be used, as a genuine pulpit for right-minded reform. No American ambassador would ever go to the General Assembly, address the distinguished leaders of the so-called 77 indigent nations of the Third World, and say, "Gentlemen: My government recommends that you go home and tell your people to get off their behinds and start to work; that your politicians cut down the level of their conspicuous consumption—which, for instance, requires General Mobuto to travel here with 66 personal attendants; and while you're at it, we suggest you give a few moments each day to the contemplation of the entirely problematic future of your everlasting soul." Ixnay.

THE ONLY THING you can get away with is flashes of genuine spirit, on those few issues in which the United States has only two alternatives: total moral capitulation, or—fight.

Moynihan did this recently and, as expected, he was taxed for it on *Meet the Press*, by Mr. Paul Hoffman of the *New York Times*. The exchange is as bracing as a speech by Patrick Henry. . . .

Mr. Hoffman began by saying that he had been in Lima, Peru a few weeks ago, where the Third World had met to frame its demands upon the United States—eating and drinking its way (I supply the detail, not Mr. Hoffman) right through a revolution in the host country, which is less noticeable to any of the 77 than the failure of the wine waiter to refill a glass—when somebody began circulating a red-hot document. It was "a diplomatic note of the United States to the government of President Nyerere and the diplomatic note says," said Mr. Hoffman darkly, "that if the Tanzanian representative to the United Nations votes against the United States in the issue of Puerto Rico, the United States would consider this a flagrant interference into United States internal affairs and an unfriendly act, and this newspaper, the *Daily News of Tanzania*, has a comment and says that is 'a rude and intimidatory act.' Now my question is, was this that new strategy toward the Third World that you have advocated? Is that an example of it?"

Moynihan was, manifestly, prepared. He began by abjuring equivocation.

"It most assuredly is. We did not intend it as a rude act. It wasn't. We intended it to have consequences. It did."

He explained. "Now, let's speak clearly about what we are talking about. There are things which no nation can do, whether it is a big nation or a small one, without producing *some* response from the United States.

"Remember," Mr. Moynihan was now the professor, back at Harvard, "we are talking in this case about a resolution which, in effect, authorized an insurgency movement in the United States. It called for us to stop 'political persecution' in Puerto Rico—where there are free elections regularly and recurrently with respect to independence—and formally recognize the National Liberation Movement of Puerto Rico [as having] the same status as the Palestine Liberation Organization.

"This committee of 24 consists of 16 police states, four democracies, and four in between. We are not about to be lectured by police states on the processes of electoral democracy. . . . They are impugning our democracy; they are threatening to start an insurrection in this country. And that we regard as an unfriendly act, and we told them so . . . and we beat them."

It isn't only that Moynihan was clearly right in what he did, and entirely, compellingly right in the way he explained it. He has in fact increased the prestige of the United States within the United Nations, and that too is right. □

OIL TALK

New York, Sept. 22—The President's veto of the price control bill was good news, and the vote of the Senate to sustain the veto is also good news. Indeed, as general rules go, it is as safe a rule as any other that comes readily to mind that any move by any government to remove artificial restrictions on commerce is to be welcomed. In respect of oil, we have seen in this opposition to decontrol not only the conventional appetite of the socialists for power, but something else besides. There is something about oil that makes grown men epileptic in their utterances. Mention oil, for instance, in the presence of Senator Kennedy and you begin to wonder whether, as a boy when his father was telling the family that all businessmen were sons-of-bitches, he added that that went double for oilmen. Or, who knows, perhaps in the Thirties the oilmen refused to permit the Founding Father to corner the market in oil, the way he did in whiskey. Certainly Senator Kennedy's hostility to whiskey cannot begin to equal his hostility to oil.

What is it about oil? The egregious profits? But egregious profits have to be measured with some reference to consumption. A profit of, say, $1 billion is a huge profit. But if—let us use a hypothetical case—a profit of $1 billion were the profit made by adding up all the profits made by every bakery in the United States, that wouldn't sound so large, would it? Now the overwhelming majority of oil companies are publicly owned. That means that everyone who owns a share of stock—and that means the overwhelming majority of Americans, thirty million of whom own stock directly, four times that number indirectly through life insurance, pension funds, and the like—can participate in oil company profits by the simple act of buying a share in an oil company. But if they consult their brokers, they will find that the situation is other than as described by Senators Kennedy and Jackson et al. The oil companies have not been among the major profit makers over the years. Indeed they were ninth in the industrial hierarchy only a few

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years ago. And the prospects are not that bullish even with the greatly increased price of oil brought on by the oligopolistic pressures from the Middle East—an act of extortion, please note, brought on not by oilmen, who were satisfied to discover and produce and sell oil at $2 a barrel; but by politicians who cornered the market.

MOREOVER, at the level with which Americans are most familiar—the price of gasoline—the profit to the oil company on a gallon of gas selling for 55 cents is approximately one penny. It is truly a matter of hobgoblins. The politicians who brought you our post office and our railroads now want to regulate the oil industry. It brings to mind the correspondent in England who wrote recently to the newspaper that as a small milk producer he manages to a) buy and breed cows, b) feed them, c) provide for their health, d) milk them, e) pasteurize the product, f) package it, and g) deliver to a customer's front door a pint of milk for seven pennies. Meanwhile, the British post office is complaining that it cannot deliver a letter, using your notepaper and your envelope and deposited by you at a pick-up station, for eight and a half pennies. There are few things given to me to know in this world by my Maker, but one thing I know with the force of certitude is that if Senators Kennedy, Jackson, and Stevenson ran the oil industry, we'd be paying a dollar per gallon before John-John reached maturity; and we'd be appropriating money for unemployed oil workers. The laws do not change in these matters. "What would happen if the Soviet Union took over the Sahara Desert?" the straight man asked the French Assembly a few years ago. And the Speaker replied: "Nothing—for fifty years. Then there would be a shortage of sand." □

THE SQUEAKY PROBLEM

New York, Sept 16—We have all seen extensive speculation on the implications of the Squeaky affair. Both *Time* magazine and *Newsweek* put the poor lady on the cover, no doubt because she came within an instant of altering the course of history; no doubt because her background was something of a twentieth century installment of the Marquis de Sade's *Justine*. It has everything for the fascinated student of depravity: idolatry, sex, bondage, yea even witchcraft.

We are treated to generous biographical descriptions of Squeaky's background, and of her unfailing devotion to the satanic Manson. We are told that but for Squeaky's providential ineptitude, the President of the United States would almost certainly have been slaughtered on the spot. Her guru apparently neglected either himself to cock the automatic pistol, or to show her that in order to load the chamber it is necessary to move the back over the barrel so that it can scoop up the initial cartridge. Someone who made a study of the Manson set gave the estimate that Squeaky has been on one thousand LSD trips; who knows, perhaps on the fateful day in Sacramento she was on her thousand and first trip. One up for acid. You and I will never know.

Whereupon the commentators get on with the business of the presidential dilemma, concerning which encyclopedias have been written since November 22, 1963. It was Lyndon Johnson who fashioned the term "press the flesh." He liked doing this, and the term gave it all something of an overtone of vulgarity. The proposition that body contact with the people does to a President what contact with the earth did for Antaeus is being challenged. It was always obvious that no President could engage in dialogue with the voters merely by pressing his hand against theirs. And no matter how industriously you work at it, the macro-political results are slight: in all those heavy years of campaigning, we are informed, only one and one-half million Americans ever laid eyes on Richard Nixon. Moreover, the critics continue, the people themselves are gradually being put off by seeing, night after night on the television news, footage on the President's handshaking. Some of them are beginning to wonder whether they are being had: whether a President charged with as many responsibilities as we charge ours with oughtn't to be too busy to do that much of that kind of thing. And so on.

But inevitably, the democratic mystique, though it reels under the impact of the Squeakys, musters strength gradually and reasserts itself. After Dallas, LBJ was not permitted to go anywhere without helicopters overhead from which sharpshooters dangled. In a matter of months, like presidential economies, it was all forgotten, and he was back pressing the flesh. The notion that only American Rotarians are given to the practice is incorrect. The patrician de Gaulle entered lustfully into the practice. It is perhaps true that de Gaulle could do anything and get away with it for so simple a reason as that his life was charmed. Never have so many people attempted to assassinate a single person with such lack of success. One would have thought that everybody who tried to kill de Gaulle was a CIA employee.

ONE FACT stands out in the fury of the discussion. It is, as so often is the case, the most obvious fact. Namely, that the elimination of the death penalty just possibly has a great deal to do with the stimulation of free enterprise assassination. Leaving aside for the moment such arcane questions as whether Manson and Squeaky and the other girls in the band are nuts. One likes to think that anyone who could plunge a dagger into the flesh of Sharon Tate is nuts. But forget that for a moment, and ask whether even nuts are not influenced by the expeditious execution of people who kill other people to satisfy erotic compulsions. There will always be a potential killer who doesn't fear death. But others do. Leon Czolgosz, who killed President McKinley, was tried—fairly, by everyone's agreement—and was dead in the electric chair less than two months after the assassination. You cannot prove that Leon had a Squeaky who was deterred from going after Teddy Roosevelt by the elimination of Leon; but it is not unreasonable. Who says A must say B. If the United States is to be made reasonably safe for American Presidents to ramble about, it must be made reasonably unsafe for those who try to kill their Presidents. I lay it down as a posture of common sense that Manson should be executed, and that if found guilty, Squeaky should be too; and Sirhan Sirhan, after Allard Lowenstein gives us the go-ahead. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. What a large labor union has jurisdiction over — 126 61 118 200 9 49 68 133 192 147 / 159 97 172

B. Overbearing — 134 22 46 157 186 171 10 81 194 138

C. A member of one of the transportation unions — 137 11 98 78 151 168 179 28 42 124 / 154 140

D. Several unions have jurisdiction over this type of transportation — 189 15 100 178 130 45 111

E. Members of a maritime union — 4 87 101 112 129 131 141 195 79 202 / 20 63

F. Locomotives — 17 117 166 82 175 204 146

G. A member of a powerful labor union — 24 1 32 47 135 177 183 205 54 76 / 88

H. Coverings of buildings — 29 107 113 155 74 149 59 196

I. A member of the House from Mississippi — 65 7 18 25

J. A deponent — 80 184 21 125 5 108 161

K. A slow speed — 173 30 181 38 53 69 89

L. Frequenty — 176 102 156 119 150

M. A certain coniferous tree — 44 19 127 31 158 57 132 120 162

N. Part of a cruciform church — 60 16 104 152 33 167 95 121

O. Most torrid — 75 12 26 34 41 48 67

P. Hebrew dry measures — 84 122 2 109 36 206

Q. A member of a construction union — 203 8 62 169 174 190 197 77 128 23

R. A means of escape from the Marxian features of the income tax — 103 92 27 96 40 123 164 55

S. Produces for the first time — 148 70 114 170 83 105 90

T. Captured by stratagem — 160 56 35 39 136 199

U. State of disuse — 193 201 139 144 115 91 72 180 50

V. UNRIVET IT — 198 94 73 116 106 185 165 51 145

W. Exhausted of energy — 3 64 85 52 99 187

X. A member of a maritime union — 14 182 37 86 142 110 191 43

Y. Disputing noisily — 93 143 58 66 71 6 163 188 13 153

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1132 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

			1 G	2 P	3 W		4 E	5 J	6 Y	7 I	8 Q		9 A	10 B	11 C	12 O	13 Y
14 X		15 D	16 N	17 F		18 I	19 M	20 E		21 J	22 B	23 Q	24 G	25 I		26 O	27 R
	28 C	29 H	30 K	31 M	32 G	33 N	34 O		35 T	36 P	37 X	38 K		39 T	40 R	41 O	42 C
43 X		44 M	45 D	46 B	47 G	48 O		49 A	50 U	51 V	52 W	53 K		54 G	55 R	56 T	57 M
	58 Y	59 H		60 N	61 A		62 Q	63 E	64 W	65 I	66 Y	67 O	68 A	69 K	70 S		71 Y
72 U	73 V		74 H	75 O	76 G	77 Q		78 C	79 E	80 J	81 B		82 F	83 S		84 P	85 W
86 X	87 E	88 G	89 K	90 S		91 U	92 R		93 Y	94 V	95 N	96 R	97 A	98 C	99 W		100D
101E	102L	103R	104N	105S	106V	107H	108J	109P	110X	111D		112E	113H	114S	115U	116V	117F
118A	119L	120M	121N		122P	123R	124C	125J	126A	127M	128Q	129E		130D	131E	132M	133A
134B		135G	136T	137C	138B	139U		140C	141E		142X		143Y	144U	145V	146F	147A
148S	149H	150L	151C	152N	153Y		154C	155H		156L	157B	158M		159A	160T	161J	162M
163Y	164R	165V	166F	167N	168C	169Q	170S		171B	172A	173K		174Q	175F	176L	177G	178D
179C	180U	181K	182X		183G	184J		185V	186B	187W	188Y	189D		190Q	191X	192A	193U
194B	195E	196H		197Q	198V	199T		200A	201U	202E	203Q	204F	205G	206P			

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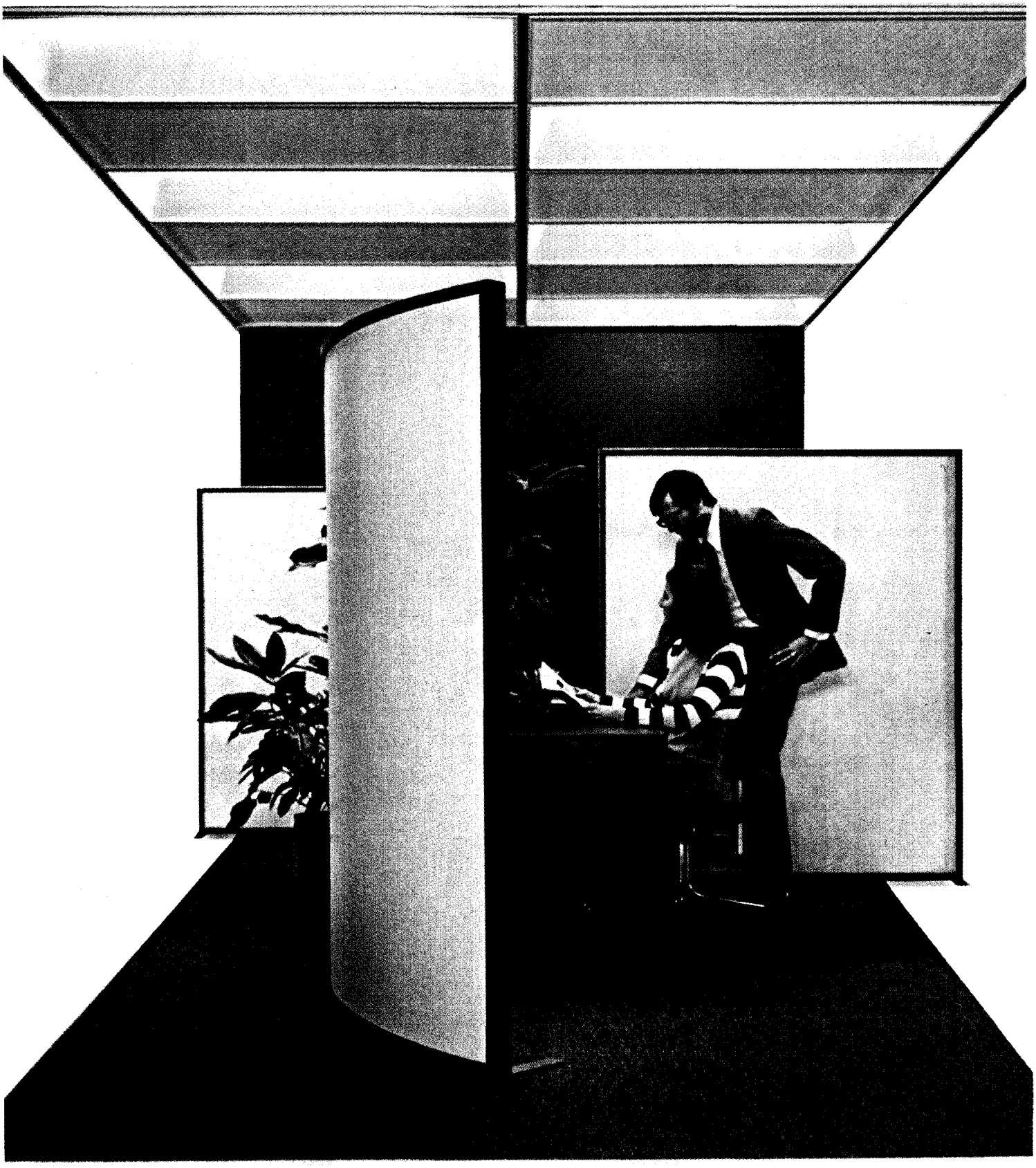

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